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Quarterly of the California Historical Society

THE TOPOGRAPHICAL REPORTS OF LIEUTENANT GEORGE H. DERBY

INTRODUCTION

GEORGE HORATIO DERBY led a double life. On the one hand he was an officer of the United States Army and an engineer of ability; on the other hand a humorist and wag of great ingenuity and originality. He was a graduate of West Point, was wounded in the Mexican War, made reconnoissances in California in 1849-50, dammed the San Diego River, and built lighthouses on the coasts of Alabama and Florida. His practical jokes, his witty and facetious sayings, his brilliant conversation, are legendary. The few recorded instances indicate the richness of the vein. Over the signatures of "John P. Squibbob" and "Phoenix" he contributed articles to the California papers which have placed him among the foremost of American humorists.

Noteworthy and brilliant as it was in these two fields, Derby's career was, nevertheless, a brief one. He was born at Dedham, Massachusetts, April 3, 1823, was graduated from the Military Academy in 1846, and died after a long illness on May 15, 1861, at the age of thirty-eight. Had he lived to participate in the Civil War and to give out in maturer years the sparkling product of his humor, to what heights might he not have attained!

Derby's fame as a humorist rests largely upon a collection of his articles gathered from California newspapers and periodicals and published under the title of "Phoenixiana." This collection, hastily thrown together by Derby's friend John Judson Ames, was first published in 1856 by D. Appleton and Company. It was frequently reprinted, and by 1889 had reached the 13th edition. Another collection, entitled "The Squibbob Papers," published in 1865, never attained the popularity of "Phoenixiana," although it contains some delightful examples of Derby's humor. "Phoenixiana" was reprinted, with some additions, in 1897, by the Caxton Club, of Chicago, and again, in 1903, by Appleton in a very disappointing change of format.

Of quite different character are Derby's professional writings. Of these, perhaps the most important is his report on the lower Colorado River. Two other reports, one on the Sacramento Valley in 1849, and one on the "Tulares Valley" in 1850, are deserving of much more attention than they have been given. They contain lucid descriptions of the regions and of the episodes of the reconnoissances. These reports have heretofore been buried in the obscurity of old Congressional documentary publications, poorly indexed and difficult of

access. The maps which accompany the reports are of equal importance historically, and these, too, are not easily discoverable. Consequently, it has seemed desirable to present these three reports and the accompanying maps, together with certain supplementary material, in a form which will render them not only more accessible but more comprehensible than they have been heretofore.

Derby's reports were written with a full sense of his responsibility as an officer of the United States Army, and, sorely as he must have been tempted at times, there is no trace of hoax or satire to be found in them. Occasionally, however, he indulges in a whimsical expression or a flash of wit, as, for instance, when in the Sacramento Valley report he comments on a possible site for a military post which possessed every requisite for the comfortable subsistence and shelter of the troops. "But beyond the attaining of these points," he remarks, "I can conceive of no advantages to be derived from establishing a post in that vicinity. There would be no inhabitants to protect, and nothing in fact to protect them from." Extravagances such as his burlesque proposals for revision of the Army uniform, with the ingenious device of the hook and grappling-iron (illustrated in the Caxton Club edition of "*Phoenixiana*"), and the satirical "Official Report—of a Military Survey and Reconnoissance of the Route from San Francisco to the Mission of Dolores," are not to be found in his professional work.

The circumstances under which these reports were written will appear from the following brief outline of Derby's career.* Upon his graduation from West Point in July 1846, he was assigned to the Ordnance branch of the service, but was almost immediately transferred to the Topographical Engineers, in which he served for the remainder of his life. Full commissions were not promptly obtained in those days and promotions were years in coming. Brevet rank was accordingly resorted to. So it was not until five years after graduation that Derby was commissioned second lieutenant, although in the meantime he had been breveted first lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the Battle of Cerro Gordo. He was promoted to first lieutenant in 1855 and to captain in 1860.

Lieutenant Derby's first assignment to duty was in connection with the fortification of the harbor of New Bedford, Massachusetts. This was of brief duration, for in January, 1847, he was ordered to join General Scott's army in Mexico. He was present at the bombardment of Vera Cruz and took part in reconnoissances prior to the Battle of Cerro Gordo. In the battle of April 18th he was shot through the hip and a month later was ordered home. His wound

* The information here set forth has been collated from the following sources: (1) *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army*, by Francis B. Heitman, 1903, (Derby's name is incorrectly given as George Hasket Derby). (2) *Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy*, by G. W. Cullom, 3rd ed. 1891. (3) Letters and reports of Lieut. George H. Derby on file in the archives of the U. S. Army Engineers, War Department, Washington, D. C., (Copies obtained through the courtesy of the Chief of Engineers and with the kind assistance of Col. J. Wm. De Grange). (4) Preface, by John Vance Cheney, to the Caxton Club edition of *Phoenixiana*, Chicago, 1897. (5) Information from Major General W. M. Black, U. S. A. (6) *Masonic Beginnings in California and Hawaii*, by John Whicher, 1931.

was not serious, and in the fall of 1847 he accompanied General Brooke on a survey of the junction of the Crow Wing River with the Mississippi, selecting the site of Fort Ripley and marking out two military reserves. Upon his return from this expedition he remained for a year in the office of the Topographical Bureau, in Washington, where he had excellent opportunities for developing his talents as a topographical draughtsman.

In 1849 Derby was ordered to duty in California. He arrived at Monterey June 1st and went at once to Benicia to report to Captain William H. Warner, his senior officer in the Topographical Engineers. This was Derby's only meeting with Warner, as the latter left shortly thereafter for the exploring expedition in northern California upon which he met his death at the hands of the Pit River Indians. Meanwhile, Derby was ordered to report to Brigadier General Bennet Riley, who attached him to his staff during a visit to the interior. Inasmuch as Derby took part in the events described and prepared the map of the route, General Riley's report constitutes an appropriate introduction to the series of Derby's own reports.

During the summer of 1849 a small detachment of troops had been sent to Johnson's Rancho, on Bear River, to establish a post for the purpose of preventing conflicts between the Indians and the increasing number of settlers at the mines of the Yuba and the Feather rivers. In September, Derby was ordered to survey and mark out a reservation for this purpose and to examine other potential sites in the Sacramento Valley. The carrying out of these orders is described in his report.

Derby spent the winter of 1849-50 at Monterey. In the spring he again took the field, to examine the country between San Miguel and San Luis Obispo and to make the reconnoissance of the Tulare Valley and the deltas of the Kaweah and the Kings described in the second of his reports. The latter part of the summer of 1850 was spent at Benicia and Sonoma. On November 1st he sailed from San Francisco on the *Invincible* for the Gulf of California and the mouth of the Colorado River. This expedition lasted four months. For the following year Derby left very little record of his activities. In the spring of 1852 he returned to the East, where he did some work at the Bureau offices in Washington and visited his home at Medfield, Mass.

In November, 1852, Lieutenant Derby again set out for California, this time for the express purpose of undertaking the diversion of the San Diego River from its natural course and turning it into False Bay in order to free the settlement from the recurrence of floods. For the next two years he was engaged in this work, residing at San Diego, with occasional visits to San Francisco. On one of these occasions, on January 14, 1854, he was married in San Francisco to Mary Ann Coons, of St. Louis. It was during these years that most of the articles which constitute "Phoenixiana" were written.

Derby returned to San Francisco in the fall of 1854 and for some months was comparatively inactive. Part of the time he was stationed at Benicia where he was attached to the staff of General Wool. His next duty was in the north,

where he was sent to survey and construct certain roads in the Columbia River region. This duty proved arduous and unsatisfactory, for appropriations were insufficient and he was not able to complete the work before being detached. After a year in Oregon Territory he returned to San Francisco and sailed for Panama and the East on November 5, 1856, thus closing his career on the Pacific Coast.

The final years of Derby's life must have been dreary and disheartening, for he was in comparative isolation, building light-houses at Pensacola, Mobile Bay, Cape San Blas, and other points on the Gulf Coast. Illness creeps into the record, and from the latter part of 1859 until his death in May, 1861, he was on sick leave.

Lieutenant Derby was survived by his wife and three children. A son, Colonel George McClellan Derby, is now living in Princeton, New Jersey. One daughter, Daisy Peyton Derby, wife of Major General W. M. Black, died in 1888; another daughter, Mary Townsend Derby, died in 1893. Derby was a Mason and took an active part in the work while he was in California. He was made a Mason in 1848 in Federal Lodge, No. 1, Washington, D. C., affiliated with Temple Lodge, No. 14, of Sonoma, where he became Master in 1851, and later acted as Master and as Secretary of San Diego Lodge, No. 35.

FRANCIS P. FARQUHAR.

GENERAL RILEY'S REPORT OF A RECONNOISSANCE OF A PORTION
OF THE SAN JOAQUIN AND SACRAMENTO VALLEYS*

*Headquarters, Tenth Military Department,
Monterey, California, September 20, 1849*

Colonel:

I have the honor to transmit herewith a copy of a topographical sketch by Lieutenant Derby, topographical engineers, of the country traversed by me on a recent reconnoissance of a portion of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, and to submit, for the information of the commanding general, some remarks upon the character of the country lying between the coast range and the Sierra Nevada, and between the confluence of the Feather river on the north and the Lake Buena Vista on the south. These remarks are based upon my own observations, and upon information obtained from the reports made by officers of my command, made in accordance with instructions heretofore given by me.

My original intention, as indicated in my report to division headquarters of June 2d, was to have proceeded by the pass of San Miguel to the lake country east of San Luis Obispo, for the purpose of determining the proper position for the establishment of a military command, to prevent the incursions of the Tulare Indians, (recommended in my report of April 25,) and to give protection to the

*Printed in House of Representatives Executive Document No. 17, 31st Congress, 1st Session, 1850. (Message from the President of the United States) pp. 941-943, accompanied by map.

mining interests north of the lake. Information of the hostile attitude assumed by the Indians in that neighborhood, and my inability to take an escort, determined me to proceed to the valley of the San Joaquin by Pacheco's pass.

I accordingly left this place on the 5th of July, accompanied by Captain Halleck,¹ secretary of state, Major Canby,² Captain Westcott,³ and Lieutenant Derby. Passing by the mission of San Juan Bautista and through Pacheco's pass, I crossed the San Joaquin river at the lower mouth of the Merced, the Tuolumne near its mouth, and the Stanislaus river at Taylor's ferry, about thirty miles in a southeasterly direction from the town of Stockton. Pacheco's pass was found to be of easy practicability for mules, but exceedingly difficult for wagons. As a route for sending supplies from the coast into the interior, considerable labor must be expended upon it before it can be made a feasible one. The pass of San Juan, a few miles to the south, is less difficult for wagons, but presents the additional disadvantage of being without water during the season of the year best suited to land transportation. The country in the immediate vicinity of my route was found to be exceedingly barren, and singularly destitute of resources, except a narrow strip on the borders of the stream; it was without timber and grass, and can never, in my estimation, be brought into requisition for agricultural purposes. The timber on the banks of the San Joaquin, Tuolumne, and Stanislaus rivers is composed almost entirely of the holly-leaved oak, a species of white oak, willow, and sycamore. The timber is low, dwarfish, apparently hard to work, and unfit for building purposes.

Major Miller⁴ was encamped with two companies of the 2d infantry at Taylor's ferry, in an apparently healthy situation, with fine water, and an abundance of fire-wood. This command was established in its present position for the purpose of preventing conflict between the Indians and whites, and to be at hand should a collision (as was then much apprehended) occur between the Americans and foreigners who have congregated in great numbers upon the waters of the Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and Merced rivers. The necessity of keeping troops in this position to meet Indian difficulties will probably not exist much longer. The rapidly increasing mining population is gradually forcing the Indians to the south, and another season will find them so surrounded by the whites that the presence of troops, unless it be to protect the Indians, will no longer be required. The danger of the occurrence of the last-mentioned difficulty has also, in a great measure, passed away.

I was disappointed in finding that company E, 1st dragoons, had not joined Major Miller's command; and I was, in consequence, reluctantly obliged to defer my proposed examination of the country in the neighborhood of the Lake Buena Vista until able, at some future time, to obtain a mounted escort.

From Major Miller's command I proceeded through the mineral region on the headwaters of the Tuolumne and Stanislaus rivers to the Sacramento, crossing, on my route, the Calaveras, Mokelumne, Seco, and Cosumnes rivers, for the purpose of examining the valley of the Sacramento river for the distance of eighty or one hundred miles above its confluence with the American. The

selection of a military post in that neighborhood had been ordered by the commander of this department in January last, but the survey was suspended by the transfer of the topographical engineer in this department to division headquarters.

Upon my arrival at Major Kingsbury's⁵ camp, I found that the major general commanding the division had already selected a position for his command on Bear creek, a tributary of Feather river, and distant about 30 miles from Sutter's Fort. The country between the Stanislaus and the Sacramento is, a portion of it, exceedingly hilly ground, and dry, arid plains, unfit for cultivation, except in particular localities on the borders of the stream, constituting an infinitely small portion of the surface of the country. The timber is generally larger, but of the same kinds as on the western sides of the San Joaquin, and the same destitution of resources obtains as on that side of the valley. As you ascend the lower slope of the Sierra Nevada, pine of an indifferent quality becomes common, but exists in situations where it is difficult of access, and not in sufficient quantity to meet the demands created by the rapidly increasing population of the country. It cannot, therefore, be depended upon in the erection of quarters in the interior; and, as before stated, the oak of the country is unfit for building purposes. For the erection of the walls of the buildings adobes may be used; and in the fabrication of these, Indian labor may economically be called into requisition. That portion of that valley of the Sacramento is far better suited to agricultural purposes than the valley of the San Joaquin, and I learn from others that this advantage becomes more apparent as you proceed to the north.

The position occupied by Major Kingsbury was selected for temporary occupation, under instructions from department headquarters, for the purpose of putting an end to outrages that were then being committed by the whites upon the Indians of that neighborhood. In its new position this command may readily be supplied from Benicia, the greater part of the distance being by water transportation.

The country lying between Stanislaus and King's [Kings'] river, or Lake Fork, presents the same general features, barren hills and arid plains, with narrow strips of arable land on the borders of the streams running from the Sierra Nevada.

In the neighborhood of the lake these streams are densely populated with Indians, divided into many independent tribes or rancherias, speaking different languages and exceedingly difficult to control. Many of these rancherias prefer to be friendly to the Americans, and will probably continue so, unless induced to become hostile by aggressions committed upon them. They subsist chiefly by hunting and fishing, or upon the seeds of several grasses, or upon acorns; and upon the appearance of an enemy, abandon their villages and take refuge in the mountains. No disposition that can be made of troops will give security, unless they be stationed in some controlling position in their midst. Although it will be difficult to supply a garrison in that vicinity, unless the San Joaquin should be found navigable to a much greater distance than it is now believed

to be, it will be more economical in the end than any other course that can be adopted.

The three routes by which supplies may be sent are from Benicia, by the river and valley of the San Joaquin, from Monterey by Pacheco's pass, and the pass of San Miguel. The best of these can only be selected after a careful examination of all.

Very respectfully, colonel, your obedient servant,

B. RILEY⁶

Bvt. Brig. Gen. U. S. Army, com'g the Department

LIEUT. COL. W. G. FREEMAN,

Assistant Adjutant General U. S. Army.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR ACCOMPANYING MAPS OF THE
SACRAMENTO VALLEY, &c.—RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED BY
G. H. DERBY, LIEUTENANT TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS.*

MAJOR CANBY'S ORDERS TO LIEUTENANT DERBY

*Headquarters Tenth Military Department,
Monterey, California, September 5, 1849*

Sir: Major Kingsbury, 2d infantry, was instructed, from division headquarters, on the 10th of July last, to establish his command at Johnson's rancho, on Bear creek, a tributary of Feather river, and to lay off a reservation of one square mile, &c. You will accordingly, after joining Major Kingsbury, proceed to survey and mark out this reservation; and you are authorized to call upon Major Kingsbury for any assistance that you may require for this purpose.

Two copies of your map will be made—one of which will be left with Major Kingsbury for the post, and the other will be forwarded to the department's headquarters.

The commanding general has learned unofficially that Major Kingsbury has been authorized by General Smith to select any point he may deem preferable to that indicated in the instructions above referred to. In this case you are directed to render Major Kingsbury any assistance that may be in your power, in enabling him to make this selection. You will at the same time make a topographical sketch of the country that you may examine for this purpose, and collect and report, for the consideration of the commanding general, any information that may be useful with regard to the resources of the country, the means of communication, the number of Indians, (distinguishing between the tame Indians of the rancho and the wild Indians of the Sierra,) and the comparative

*Printed in Senate Executive Document No. 47, 31st Congress, 1st Session, 1850. (Report of the Secretary of War.) pp. 2-16, accompanied by map.

advantages of different positions for military posts, having particular reference to healthy locations, &c., &c.

In reporting upon the resources of the country, you will designate particularly those that may be useful to a military command, such as forage, building materials, &c.

After the completion of these duties with Major Kingsbury's command, you will make an examination of the valley of the Sacramento to about the latitude of $39^{\circ} 20'$, or the mouth of Butte river, collecting and reporting any information that may be useful upon the subjects above referred to. It is not designed at this time that you make a detailed survey of the country you examine, or that your report should be confined to personal observation; on the contrary, the General desires that you will embody in your report any reliable information that you may derive from the inhabitants of the country, as well in relation to the *general* as to the *military* resources of the country.

It is supposed that you obtained at Benicia the instruments, &c., that you require for the performance of this duty. If, however, you were unable to do this, you are authorized to purchase such as are indispensably necessary. If without funds, you are desired to estimate at your earliest convenience for funds, in order that the commanding general may make the necessary arrangements for supplying you.

You are authorized to employ three assistants at the average wages of the country, and to purchase the horses and pack animals that may be necessary.

So soon as these duties are completed, you will report in person at department headquarters; and the General directs me to impress upon you the importance of completing them at the earliest possible period, as your services are greatly required at other points.

These instructions will be sent in triplicate.

Very respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

E. R. S. CANBY,
Assistant Adjutant General.

LIEUTENANT G. H. DERBY,
Topographical Engineers.

LIEUTENANT DERBY'S REPORT
*Topographical Office, Headq'rs Tenth Military Dep't,
Monterey, California, December 1, 1849.*

Major: In compliance with the above instructions, which I had the honor to receive on the 17th September, on my arrival at camp Anderson, near Sutter,⁷ California, I immediately reported to Captain H. Day,⁸ who I found had relieved Major Kingsbury, in command of the battalion of the 2d infantry, stationed at that point. I had not received department special orders No. 44, dated September 4; and having, therefore, no previous information of the duties assigned me, was entirely unprepared with either instruments or funds for their execution.

Finding, however, that Captain Day was about to move from camp Anderson, and my services being required in the selection of a site for the new military post contemplated, and having no time to communicate with department headquarters, (as, by *ordinary* means of communication, a month would be required for that purpose, and an express could not be sent at a less expense than \$1,000,) I concluded to purchase on credit such instruments, animals, and other indispensables as might be required for the survey, and to forward to the department, at once, my estimates, trusting that they would be received and honored before my return. This course, I may add, was in accordance with the advice of the senior officers of the station, whose opinion I of course solicited immediately upon receiving my instructions.

I therefore proceeded at once to engage the services of an assistant, three rodmen, and a teamster, who, with my servant and a gentleman named Kemp, who volunteered to accompany me as far as Bear creek, composed my party. I had succeeded in procuring a circumferentor and chain left by Captain Warner (before starting on his late melancholy and fatal expedition) in the hands of Judge Schoolcraft,⁹ at Sacramento City, but was compelled to purchase a chronometer, sextant, artificial horizon, and an additional compass and chain. I then procured from Messrs. Smith, Bensley, and Company a wagon with six mules, for the transportation of our instruments, subsistence stores, forage, &c., the necessary riding animals for the party, and such articles of mess furniture, &c., as we required; for all of which, together with five hundred dollars, which they advanced me for the expenses of the road, they very kindly gave me credit. I was obliged to pay a much higher price for my mules and wagon, from the fact that the expedition for the relief of the emigrants, under the command of Major Rucker, was at this time being fitted out at Sacramento City, and his large purchases of animals and means of transportation had created a scarcity of both throughout the adjacent country.

We left Sacramento City at 2 p.m. on the 22d of September, intending to make a short march in advance of the infantry command for the purpose of trying our mules, those composing the team having never been worked together in harness.

Leaving Sutter's fort about a half a mile to our right, and crossing the bottom land between the Sacramento and American rivers in a direction N. 30°E. from the city, we arrived at the lower ford of the American at 5 p.m., having made a distance of nearly two miles in three hours, without further accident than breaking the tongue of the wagon, which we repaired upon the spot by wrapping the fractured part tightly with rope. This was owing to the refractory conduct of our team, which, upon arriving at the ford, utterly refused to pull the wagon across; so, after exhausting the usual arguments, manual and vocal, resorted to in such cases, I was fain to hire an individual, who was luckily passing at the time with eight yoke of oxen, to assist us, which he did with such effect that we soon found ourselves on the opposite bank of the stream, with a smooth road before us. The American river, at whose junction with the Sacra-

mento the city is situated, is at this ford about three hundred yards in width; the banks are some thirty feet in height, but gradual and easy of ascent, which is not the case at the ford (Child's) some eight miles above. A sand-bar, which at extreme low water is exposed, forming a small island in the middle of the river, makes out from the southern bank. At the time of our crossing the water was quite low, varying from eighteen inches to two and a half feet in depth; but at the commencement of the rainy season it swells rapidly—three days of heavy rain being sufficient to raise it from four to six feet. The tide rises and falls at Sacramento City, causing a variation in the depth between high and low tides of from six to fourteen inches. On crossing the American, we passed through a fine grove of oaks which borders the stream through its entire extent, and, striking a more northerly direction, arrived without further accident at Dry creek, which at the time was, with the exception of a few holes, perfectly dry, but which in the rainy season is quite a considerable stream, rising in the spurs of the Sierra Nevada and running in nearly a westerly direction to the Sacramento. Its distance at our point of crossing from the ford of the American is six miles and a half. Here we encamped for the night, finding water in considerable quantity about one and a half mile east of the road in the bed of the creek. About 9 p.m. Captain Day's command came up and encamped in our vicinity. The plain between the American river and this creek is of dark alluvial soil, and, with the exception of a range of low sand-hills running parallel to, at a distance of six miles from, the Sacramento, is an almost unbroken level, extending east about twenty miles, where it rises into low hills, which commence the western slopes of the great Sierra Nevada. A small field of *tulé* commences with the Dry creek, extending nearly to the Sacramento. Upon the commencement of the rainy season the soil upon this plain greedily absorbs the water, and in a few days becomes a thick, tenacious quagmire, which it is difficult, not to say dangerous, to attempt crossing, even with pack-animals. The *tulé* at this time is preferable for crossing, as its thickly-interlaced roots, until thoroughly saturated with water, continue elastic, affording for some days a safe passage to terra firma.

We made observations for latitude and longitude by meridian altitude of the sun on the 23d, and left our encampment at 5 p.m., proceeding over a plain of precisely the same character as that of yesterday, with no alleviation of its unbroken surface to the eye but the distant outline of the timber bordering the Sacramento and Feather rivers.

After marching fifteen miles N 10° W. (by the compass) we came to a small pool of stagnant water, where we found several emigrant families encamped, although there was no wood or grass in the vicinity; and proceeding one and a half mile further on, we came to a small pond, where we encamped at 10 p.m., managing to procure a scanty supply of wood for our camp fires from the stunted alders which surrounded the muddy and unwholesome looking water. Leaving our encampment at 8 a.m., we soon arrived at the rancho of Nicholas Altegier,¹⁰ situated in a fertile spot at the junction of Bear Creek and Feather

river. Mr. Allegier is an old resident of the country, and his farm at this place being a well-known position, has from time immemorial been called "Nicholas Rancho," he himself being universally known as "Nicholas" only. He has a field enclosed containing about a quarter square mile, apparently of the most fertile soil, and owns a large adobe house of two stories in height, which presents quite an imposing appearance in this country of log-huts and Indian rancherias. About 100 wretched Indians, playfully termed Christian, live in the vicinity upon the bank of the Feather river, subsisting upon acorns (which, pulverized with roasted grasshoppers, they form into a cake) and salmon, with which delicious fish the river abounds. The more intelligent and docile of these creatures are taken and brought up on the farm, where in time they become excellent *vagueros*, or herdsmen, and where they are content to remain, receiving in return for their services such food and clothing as it may suit the interest or inclination of its owner to bestow upon them. About one mile south of "Nicholas Rancho" the road divides—the right hand path leading directly across the plain to Johnson's rancho,¹¹ (now Gillespie's, on Bear creek,) the left passing "Nicholas Rancho," and crossing the creek about one and a half mile from its mouth. A path leads from this crossing directly up the bank of the creek, and joins the right-hand main road again about six miles south of "Gillespie's."

The right-hand main road is the "Truckee route," or emigrant trail, from the Salt Lake via Truckee river; the left is "Lawson's route,"¹² or the northern emigrant trail, entering at the head of the Sacramento valley, near the headwaters of the Feather river. This latter route is some 300 miles farther than that by Truckee river, but has the advantage of easier ascents and descents, and generally affording better pasturage for cattle.

Leaving "Nicholas Rancho," we continued upon the river road, passing the crossing, and encamped at a distance of ten miles from the house upon Bear creek, in a beautiful grove of oaks and sycamores, surrounded by high grass which borders the creek for some two miles in depth on either side, and which afforded to our tired animals the most extreme satisfaction. Here Captain Day concluded to leave his command encamped, while making an examination of the country in the vicinity; this point being within five miles of the first proposed in our instructions, and within easy riding distance of the remaining points proposed for selection. Accordingly, leaving my company in charge of my assistant, (Mr. J. H. Newete) I accompanied Captain Day on the morning of the 25th, for the purpose of assisting in the selection of the site for the proposed military post. Proceeding (by compass) in the direction N. 45° E., we arrived at Johnson's rancho, a small one-story adobe building, at a distance of five miles from our encampment upon the north bank of Bear creek. Here we were kindly received and entertained by the proprietor (Mr. E. Gillespie,) who volunteered to accompany us in our examination of the rancho. We accordingly rode over and made a general reconnoissance of the country in the immediate vicinity, embracing some ten or twelve square miles, and, returning late in the evening, slept at Mr. Gillespie's house. On the 26th we left Johnson's

rancho for an examination of the banks of the Yuba river and the adjoining country, striking the Yuba at "Cordua's"¹³ or "Speek's" bar, direction N. 25° W., distance seventeen miles. Here we found a company of nearly one hundred miners busily engaged in the bed of the stream, which they had partially exposed by constructing an oblique dam extending nearly across. They informed us that their operations at this point had proved extremely successful, each individual averaging from two to three ounces per diem. Deer creek joins the Yuba on the south about two miles above Cordua's bar, upon the banks of which the richest deposits of gold yet discovered in California have lately been found.

The result of our examination was the selection of a site about half a mile above the store at Johnson's rancho, on Bear creek. This point possessed all the merits of others examined, and was comparatively free from objectionable circumstances. Being at the foot of the Sierra Nevada slope, the reserve could be made to include a sufficient space of high ground, not subject to the periodical overflows of the creek, for building the necessary barracks for the troops, while the rich bottom land bordering the creek on either side afforded an excellent opportunity for gardening purposes. A grove of fine oaks answers the purpose of shade for an encampment during the summer months, while the hills in the vicinity are covered with trees, affording a sufficiency of wood for fires, and of logs for houses. The summits of the adjacent hills crop out with a species of sandstone, which, if quarried, would answer admirably for the construction of chimneys and foundations for buildings. Its proximity to the rancho is also an advantage, insuring a constant supply of fresh meat, and we found the water of the creek at all times healthy, cool and pleasant. But the central position of this locality is probably its greatest advantage. The Truckee emigrant route, over which was passing an average of one hundred wagons and two hundred emigrants per diem, the wagon road to the Yuba mines, that to the Feather river "dry diggings," the trail to Rose's rancho¹⁴ on the Yuba, striking into Lawson's route at a distance of twenty miles, and the paths to the Bear Creek diggings, all intersect at this point; while the post is, moreover, within a few hours' ride of all the principal ranchos and Indian rancherias, or villages, in this part of the valley. There are several points on Feather river, and one upon the Yuba near Rose's rancho, where much prettier and romantic sites may be found combining most of the advantages of this upon Bear creek, but the notoriously unhealthy character of these locations offered an insuperable objection to their being selected.

We found, upon inquiry, that there had been but little sickness upon Bear creek during the summer among the Indians or the emigrants, who had encamped for weeks upon its banks; while at Sutter's farm, on Feather river, and at the ranchos on Yuba, most of the occupants had suffered with the periodical fever, and several deaths had ensued.

Within three or four miles of the post, gold is found in small quantities in the ravines running towards the creek; digging for which will prove a healthy

and profitable recreation for the unemployed soldiers, and will probably be the occasion of preventing many desertions that might otherwise occur.

We returned to our encampment on the 27th of September, and made observations for the latitude and longitude. The longitude worked out was probably incorrect, the chronometer having changed its rate from travelling in the wagon: the latitude we made $39^{\circ}0'6''$. We found a very unpleasant incident had occurred on the morning of the 27th. My servant Manuel Montano, who had been with me some two months, and had always appeared remarkably honest, faithful, and attentive, deserted, after cutting a hole in the back of my tent, through which he thrust his hand and removed from a box beneath the head of my bed my purse, containing \$425 public funds, a gold pencil, gold watch and chain, a pistol, and some other articles of value; he also cleared out his room-mates, taking whatever money they possessed, and left on the best horse we had, carefully selecting the best saddle and riding equipments in the possession of the party. We discovered this at reveille, when he had been gone probably some hours, and Mr. Kemp immediately volunteered to start in his pursuit. I accordingly despatched him, with another horse, upon the road to Sacramento, judging that Manuel, who was a Chilian, and knew nothing of the country, would probably take that direction with which alone he was familiar. I have never seen either of them since. This unpleasant occurrence filled us all with surprise and consternation, and threw a general gloom over our little party, which it required several days to dispel. On the 28th we struck our tents at 8 a.m., and following the course of Bear creek, passing in our progress numerous encampments of emigrants, who had halted for the purpose of recruiting their cattle on the fine high grass which abounded on the banks, we soon arrived at Johnson's rancho; passing which about a mile, we encamped on the creek nearly at the centre of the present reserve. My party having been reduced by Manuel's flight and Kemp's pursuit, I replaced them by hiring two persons at the rancho—the one as cook and laborer, the other as an axeman. On the 29th I commenced the survey of the reserve, running the base line as nearly parallel to the direction of the stream as possible, which gave it the bearing N. 47° E., the perpendicular erected at each extremity having the bearing from the extremities of the base N. 43° W., each line one mile in length, and the base two hundred yards from and parallel to the southeast bank of the creek. This gave the reserve of one square mile, which was situated upon the northwest bank of Bear creek, with the exception of the strip two hundred yards in width upon the other bank, reserved for the purpose of preventing individuals from squatting or settling in the immediate vicinity of the post. Finding the soil to be equally available for gardens and pasturage, Captain Day saw fit to include a quarter mile upon the southeast bank. The lines were accordingly moved this distance to the southeast; preserving, however, their former bearing. I caused stakes to be driven at every furlong, with a board strongly nailed upon each, and legibly marked "United States reserve."¹⁵

The variation of the compass I found to be $15^{\circ} 30'$ east. We found the heat

most intense during the mid-day—so much so that I was obliged to conduct the work merely during the morning and evening; but in spite of this precaution my assistant and two employes were taken sick, apparently from the effect of exposure to the sun, and, being confined to their tents for several days, somewhat delayed the completion of the survey. We made observations for the longitude and latitude nearly every day, and found the latitude $39^{\circ} 2'$; longitude by the chronometer, repeated observations, $120^{\circ} 45'$; but I place little faith in this, for the unhappy instrument had been so jolted over the rough roads, and had altered its rates in such a very unexpected and inconsistent manner during the march, that we could place but little reliance upon its accuracy. On the 7th and 8th of October, I made an examination of Bear Creek for about 25 miles from the encampment. On the 9th the weather, which had gradually for two or three days been growing damp and uncomfortable, changed to rain, pouring down in torrents during the night of the 9th, and continuing to rain heavily at intervals during the 10th. Many miners came down from the upper diggings on the creek during these two days, reporting that it was impossible to work on account of the severity of the cold. This sudden change from the excessive heat of the last week struck me as particularly extraordinary, even in this extraordinary country. On the 14th the weather, which had been pleasant from the 10th, although much cooler in the mornings and evenings, again changed, favoring us with a tremendous gale from the northwest, accompanied by squalls of rain, which created great havoc among the tents of our encampment; but again all cleared away pleasant before the morning of the 15th. These unexpected rains were somewhat alarming to us, as, having the main part of our work to execute in the examination of the Sacramento valley, we dreaded that they might prove the immediate precursors of the rainy season, which, if commencing immediately, would have put a sudden termination to our labors. On the morning of the 15th, having finished the survey and made a map of the reservation, which I left with Captain Day for the use of the post, I broke up my encampment at Bear creek and marched north, for the purpose of examining that portion of the valley mentioned in my instructions.

I had previously dispensed with the services of my assistant, which I had found not entirely necessary, and quite inadequate to their expense to the government. We struck our encampment at daylight; but, owing to the many little matters of business necessary to be attended to before leaving, did not get fairly upon the road until 8 a.m. Keeping generally a north by west course, we crossed Dry creek, at a distance of three miles from our encampment. This in winter becomes quite a considerable stream, which, rising in the low hills, flows in a southwesterly direction and empties into Bear creek, about 5 miles below "Johnson's."

We arrived upon the southeast bank of the Feather river, six miles below the junction of the Yuba, at 5 p.m., at a point immediately opposite Sutter's "Hock farm"—here we encamped for the night. This is the most beautiful situation that I have seen in California. The river, which at this place is about

six hundred yards in width, is lined on either bank with majestic sycamores, in a fine grove of which, upon the west bank, is situated Captain Sutter's farm-house, a remarkably neat adobe building, whitewashed and surrounded by high and well built walls enclosing out-houses, corrals, &c. There are about 100 acres of excellent land enclosed and cultivated upon the west bank, which yields the most astonishing crops of wheat with very little labor. The river is filled with salmon; and we observed two seines drawn across the river, about a mile apart, from which I was informed the occupants of the farm-house obtain a plentiful supply. About 200 yards above the farm-house is situated a rancheria of Indians, some 300 in number. This village consists of about 20 mud ovens, partly above and partly below the ground, with a small hole for egress in the side. They had just commenced the collection for their winter stock of acorns, and had many high baskets, containing probably forty or fifty bushels of this species of provender, standing about. They were mostly naked, and kept up a dismal howling all night as a tribute of respect to one of their number who had departed this life on the day previous. They were suffering much with the prevalent fever, as were the occupants of the farm-house, several of whom were sick at this time. On the 16th two of my party, Hyer and Flint, were seized with the fever. Having administered a prodigious dose of quinine to each, I proceeded to make an examination of the river in each direction from my encampment, which occupied the remainder of the party during the 16th and the 17th.

I determined the latitude of Sutter's farm $39^{\circ} 2' 14''$, nearly identical with that of the post at Bear creek; longitude, by chronometer, $121^{\circ} 14' 45''$. On the 18th, one of my patients having recovered, I left this beautiful but unhealthy river, having made a bed in the wagon for Hyer, who, although suffering much, refused to be left behind.

We crossed at the lower seine, about one mile below the farm-house, having much trouble in getting up the bank on the west side. The mules refused to pull until, by the assistance of some Indians, the baggage was entirely unpacked, when, by dint of much shouting, screaming, and profanity from the party, they managed to draw the empty wagon to the top. Passing the farm-house to the left, we now entered upon a fine, level prairie, the soil of which was of the richest description, and its surface dotted with the "long-acorn oak" for a distance of two or three miles from the river. We saw many antelopes and deer, but did not succeed in obtaining a shot at them. The Buttes were now in full view, presenting the singular spectacle of a range of mountains from one to two thousand feet in height, and some twelve miles in length, rising from the middle of a broad prairie, and entirely unconnected with any range. Keeping by compass the direction N. 45° W., we travelled on until night-fall, when we arrived within three miles of the spurs of the north Butte. The heat had been intense, and having crossed the prairie without water, we were suffering extremely for the want of it, as were our animals, whose labor in pulling the wagon over the dry and cracked soil, which yielded at every step, had been very

severe. I therefore caused the party to halt, and sent off three men in different directions to search for water, which they found and reported at the northern extremity of the Butte, to which place we proceeded at once and encamped, about 11 p.m., after a very fatiguing day's march.

The "Buttes," or, as they have generally been termed, the "Three Buttes," have been erroneously represented to be three isolated peaks rising in the prairie.¹⁶ They are in reality a range, containing some twenty peaks, and about twelve miles in length, by five or six in width. The two principal peaks are at the northern and southern extremities—the former 2,483 feet above the plain, the latter 1,841. The northern "Butte" is much the most remarkable. It is of a nearly conical shape, very steep, its summit cropping out with trap rock disposed in every variety of fanciful figures, one of which (the actual summit) is a tall turret-shaped rock fifty-six feet high, and above twelve feet in diameter. The base runs off into five distinct spurs to the north, between each two of which lies a beautiful green valley, watered by streams having their source in never-failing springs about midway up the mountain. The soil is of the richest alluvial deposit, giving no indications of minerals, and the whole range is studded with the holly oak, and thickly inhabited by almost every description of game—bear, antelope, black-tailed deer, coyotes, and even the panther, or puma, (called the "California lion,") whose roar resounded about our encampment during the night with startling distinctness.¹⁷ We made the latitude of the north "Butte" $39^{\circ} 12' 32''$, longitude $121^{\circ} 28' 36''$; of the south, latitude $39^{\circ} 9' 32''$, longitude $121^{\circ} 29' 6''$. It was in one of the little valleys that we encamped, by the side of a beautiful spring of clear, cold water. Here we found many human bones, and the embers of a large fire, in which were the remains of a carpet bag or valise and some plates and cups. We observed, also, a newly made grave in the valley, with a cross placed at its head, on which had been an inscription, but it was now illegible. I succeeded in clambering to the summit of the north "Butte," from which I had an uninterrupted view of forty miles in every direction, observing distinctly the courses of the Sacramento and Feather rivers for at least that distance, and on the right and left the snowy mountains and coast range extending north and south as far as my eye could reach. On the 21st, two or three of my men declined proceeding on account of the day, it being Sunday. I had allowed them while engaged in the survey at Bear creek to rest on this day; but, as they were receiving very high wages for very small equivalents, I did not conceive it necessary to cease from travelling, particularly as I very much doubted their sincerity in the matter. I therefore informed them that I had not the slightest objection to halting every Sunday, but that, as they would do nothing on that day, I should infallibly stop their pay on every occasion of this kind. Upon hearing this their devotional feelings subsided with vast rapidity, and they professed themselves ready to proceed. I had been detained for two days at the "Buttes" by the sickness of two of my little party; but the bracing air of this delightful spot acted upon them like a charm, and by the 22d all were able to move forward.

Taking a westerly direction, we marched across the plain, which was of rich alluvial soil, but cracked and parched by the heat, until we struck Butte creek at a point about twelve miles from its junction with the Sacramento, where we encamped. We saw upon the plain while crossing immense quantities of wild cattle, and a large drove of horses, containing over two hundred. These animals are, I believe, perfectly wild and unclaimed. We found it as difficult to approach them as the antelope and elk, which in some instances we observed feeding with them.

On the 23d and 24th we examined Butte creek, and the valley beyond, contained between it and the Sacramento. This beautiful stream has its rise in the western spurs of the Snowy mountains,¹⁸ and runs south with little variation in its course for some 50 miles, where it makes a wide bend to the west in latitude $39^{\circ} 9'$, and empties into the Sacramento. It is in many places of considerable width, but everywhere of great depth, carrying, I should imagine, as much water into the Sacramento as the "Yuba," the principal branch of the Feather river. Near its mouth it widens to about 600 feet, the ground in the vicinity being marshy and covered with tule, and the banks difficult of access on account of the density of the alders and grape-vines with which they are lined. There are many clusters of beautiful trees—oaks, sycamores, and ash—upon its banks, but it is not thickly wooded, as is the case with the Sacramento and Feather rivers and their branches. The plain beyond is of rich alluvial soil, covered with fine grass, which was at this time almost dried up, upon which subsisted large herds of wild cattle, horses, elk, and antelope. The "tulé" swamps do not extend far above "Butte creek;" there are but two or three isolated marshes of this description on the west bank of the Sacramento. There are two rancherias of Indians upon this bank, containing probably some 200, male and female. They subsist, like those already noticed, upon fish and wild grapes in the summer, and acorns and pulverized grasshoppers in the winter season, and appeared peaceably enough, but very disgusting to behold, being almost stark-naked and excessively filthy.

Two deputations visited my camp on Butte creek; they behaved very civilly, and received and devoured some biscuit, which I administered to them, with a rapacity quite painful to behold. The men were all armed with bows and arrows, and the women furnished with baskets of a conical shape. I found out by signs that they were on a grape-gathering excursion. We found the creek to be plentifully supplied with a large white or grayish fish, weighing several pounds, and of a kind that I had never seen before. They resembled bass, and were delicious eating.¹⁹

On the 25th we marched up the creek about 15 miles, and encamped near the crossing of Lawson's route. The stream here widens into a little bay, about 500 or 600 feet across, very deep, and about a mile in length. We made observations here, as we had done at our last encampment, at which we made latitude $39^{\circ} 20' 26''$, longitude $121^{\circ} 41' 15''$; finding latitude $39^{\circ} 31''$, longitude $121^{\circ} 46' 15''$. This creek was at this place almost literally covered with ducks and brant,

of which we shot many. We made an observation at sunrise for the variation of the compass, which was found to be $16^{\circ} 49'$ east; a very large variation, but not as great as at the Buttes, where we found it nearly 18° . I was disposed to attribute this to local causes or attraction, but could find no evidence of iron, or in fact any other mineral, in the soil. We observed this day, as before, numerous herds of cattle and horses, one of which came to water at the creek about sundown, within a few hundred yards of our encampment. We observed comparatively few troublesome insects in this part of the country. Fleas, so annoying in the lower settlements, are here almost entirely unknown. Their troublesome office is, however, disagreeably supplied by an unpleasant-smelling pismire which covers the soil, and by its nocturnal rambles effectually banishes sleep. We left Butte creek on the 26th, and after travelling south of east about 15 miles over the dry and parched prairie, which was cracked in some places to the breadth of six or eight inches, rendering the wheeling extremely laborious, we struck "Lawson's route." This we found an extremely good road, upon which we marched some 12 miles further, passing many emigrant-wagons filled with dirty and unhappy-looking women and unwholesome children, and encamped on the bank of Feather river, six miles above the ford. The eastern valley, between Butte creek and the spurs of the Sierra, is from 30 to 40 miles in width, of rich soil, and covered during the spring and summer with fine grass. It is watered by the Feather river and its branches. This river rises in the Sierra, and flows slightly west of south through the valley, emptying into the Sacramento. It is remarkably straight throughout its whole course, making four small or abrupt bends, and is generally in the same latitude; wider, though not as deep as the Sacramento. Its banks are thickly wooded, for some two miles in depth, throughout its entire extent, with the holly and long-acorn oaks, sycamores, beech, ash, and alder trees. Its general depth during the dry season, or from the last of May until the first of November, is from two to ten feet; and its bed is much obstructed by sand-bars, which, while rendering fording at numerous points perfectly safe and easy, prevents entirely its navigation even by the smallest class of vessels. It is fed by numerous small creeks which run down the ravines of the Sierra, and in whose dry beds during the summer rich deposits of gold have been and still continue to be found. I observed three rancherias of Indians upon its banks within 12 miles of the crossing of "Lawson's route," which may contain in all from 300 to 500. They are all of the same wretched class with those observed upon the Sacramento. They appear perfectly harmless and remarkably good-humored, and many of them are in the employment of the emigrants who have squatted in the vicinity. On the 27th we marched six miles down the Feather river, crossing in about two feet water. A small island in the middle of the stream renders the ford more easy, and would be useful in the construction of a bridge at this point, which the high banks render practicable. We kept the river road for several miles, and then crossed the plain to the "Yuba," nine miles further. This plain is precisely of the same character as the others—unbroken, like them, save by a few ridges of

low hills, and of the same rich alluvial soil. We encamped on the "Yuba," in the vicinity of Rose's rancho, a beautiful site for farming or grazing, but apparently subjected to but little cultivation. We found here a small adobe house, redolent with the odor of whiskey, and festooned with strings of jerked beef. The "Yuba" is a small but rapid stream, flowing southwest from the mountains, and emptying into Feather river. Its bed is rocky, giving its waters a turbulent character, particularly when swollen by the rains or melted snows of the Sierra. Its banks are wooded and not as high as those of Feather river, and it is occasionally subject to overflow. The soil in the immediate vicinity is of the richest description, and in the upper part of the river and its tributary, "Deer creek," the richest deposits of gold have been discovered. Leaving "Rose's rancho," we marched across the plain to Bear creek, striking the road from Noyes's rancho to Johnson's at a distance of about six miles from Rose's. We found Captain Day's command comfortably established at camp "Far West," upon the reserve, and preparations being made for building. We remained here during the 29th and 30th, and made observations for the rate of the chronometer, which, as I had supposed, had changed its rate very much from being jolted in the wagon.

The weather had prevented our making but one lunar observation, from which I established the longitude of the Buttes, and my map is projected from that data. Bear creek is about forty miles in length; it has two branches, which unite about thirty miles from its mouth; its course is nearly straight, as is the case with nearly all the rivers of the valley; and it empties into Feather river, being the second branch of importance in point of size. Its banks are thickly wooded towards its mouth, mostly with shrub-oak, buck-eye, and alder. In the summer it has but little water, but is never entirely dry; in the winter it becomes a deep and rapid stream, overflowing its banks to a very considerable extent. I have been informed that one instance has occurred of individuals going from "Johnson's rancho" to Sutter's fort in a whale-boat, the entire plain, forty-five miles in extent, having been submerged during a freshet; but I do not vouch for the truth of the statement. Leaving camp Far West on the 31st, we travelled down the creek to its mouth, then continued upon the branch of the Feather river until we had arrived within a mile of the town of Vernon (situated at its mouth, and supposed to be the head of navigation upon the Sacramento,) where we encamped. Feather river, near its mouth, is a very broad and beautiful stream. Its banks are heavily timbered, and some fifty feet in height, coming down abruptly to the water. There is a sufficient depth of water as far as the mouth of Bear creek to float any small-size vessel; but the frequent occurrence of extensive sand-bars renders the navigation to this point at present impracticable.

During the night we killed three veritable raccoons, the first that I had ever seen in this country. The town of Vernon is situated at the junction of the Feather and Sacramento rivers, and that of Frémont immediately opposite. Each contains some twenty houses and one or two hundred inhabitants. The valley of the Sacramento, on the western bank of that stream, is for the most

part a barren plain, with little vegetation or water. It is from thirty to forty-five miles in extent, being bounded on the west by the coast range of mountains. There are no streams emptying into the Sacramento from the west, south of latitude $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north, with the exception of "Putá" and Cache creeks. The latter is the outlet of Clear Lake, flowing from its southeast extremity, and losing itself in the "Tulé" swamp which borders the western bank of the Sacramento about six miles southwest of the mouth of the Feather river. "Putá" creek rises in the coast range, and, flowing southeast, empties into the Sacramento about fifteen miles below the mouth of the American river. The whole country between the creeks is liable to overflow, and is very dangerous to attempt travelling after a heavy rain. The "Tulé" swamp, upon the western bank of the Sacramento, extending to the vicinity of "Butte" creek, and occurring occasionally above, is from three to six miles in width, and is impassable for six months out of the year. A corduroy road may, however, be made over it, which has been used in some instances with success at all seasons.

There is a short road of this kind in the rear of Sutter's, which I believe has proved entirely successful.

We reached Sacramento City on the 2d of November, and encamped upon the outskirts during a tremendous storm of wind and rain, which proved to be the *bona fide* commencement of the rainy season. Having paid and discharged my party with the exception of a teamster and Mr. John Day, whom I retained as assistant, and finding it impossible to sell my animals and wagon to advantage, in consequence of the identical reason that prevented my purchasing (*i.e.* the expedition for the relief of the suffering emigrants which had just preceded my return, and whose mules and other property were being disposed of at auction), I concluded to take them all to "Pueblo de San Jose," where I had reason to believe they would meet with a ready sale. I accordingly crossed the Sacramento on the 6th, at 2 p.m., and encamped on the verge of the Tulé, being unwilling to run the risk of remaining all night upon the plain beyond. It rained tremendously all night, and we were glad to take the road at daylight in the morning. We crossed the Tulé safely, but found the road beyond extremely heavy and covered in some places with water. These we passed without difficulty, observing to keep carefully in the road, which being packed by travel, was not as dangerous as the plain upon each side. We had arrived within half a mile of "Putá" creek, when I observed with astonishment and alarm that a strong current was setting down the road, and that the water was deepening around us with rapidity. I at once comprehended that the creek had overflowed its banks, and that we were in a dangerous position. I gave the order to the teamster to turn about immediately, but it was too late—the mules sank at once on turning from the road, the wagon was fast blocked in the yielding mud, and the water, as we afterwards found, was gaining on us at the rate of four feet an hour. It was with the utmost exertion and no little danger that we succeeded in getting the mules extricated from the wagon, from which I had already saved my chronometer and best sextant, my drawing instruments and papers. We were

compelled to abandon the wagon, with the remainder of the instruments and all our personal property, and return to Sacramento City, where I disposed of my animals at auction.²⁰ The whole of the valley, I found upon my return, had been made a perfect quagmire by the recent rains, and several wagons had been lost on the same day in the attempt to go to Frémont from Sacramento City. I arrived at Benicia on the 10th of November, from which place I had the honor to send you a detailed report of the loss of my wagon, and other circumstances connected with my expedition. From the above general summary of the journal kept while engaged upon the expedition, and from the accompanying map, an idea may be obtained of the geographical position of that portion of the valley mentioned in my instructions, and, as far as the means of communication, its capability of supplying forage, and its agricultural character are concerned, of its *general* and *military* resources. It will be seen that there is no point in this portion of the valley at which a military post can by any possibility be required, that is absolutely free from objection. That already selected combines as many advantages in a military point of view as it is possible to obtain. A position at the north Butte, or upon Butte creek, at some point near the crossing of Lawson's route, would be undoubtedly more pleasant in every respect, perfectly healthy, and would possess every requisite for the comfortable subsistence and shelter of the troops; but beyond the attaining of these points, I can conceive of no advantages to be derived from establishing a post in that vicinity. There would be no inhabitants to protect, and nothing in fact to protect them from. As far as regards *building materials*, all points are equally eligible. The soil of any portion of the valley mixed with water and chopped grass, and exposed to the sun, makes excellent adobe or sun-dried brick, which is probably more economical, easier of working, and better adapted to the climate, than either timber or stone. Pine timber may, however, be obtained of the best quality upon the table-lands at a distance of about twenty miles from the commencement of the hills; the oak, which forms a greater portion of the timber upon the streams, being too hard and brittle to work easily, and soon decaying when exposed to the weather. Two steam saw-mills are now in process of erection upon Bear creek, about four miles above the newly established post, from which, when in operation, sufficient supplies of pine timber may be obtained.

There are two rancherias of Indians upon the Sacramento, one upon Butte creek, three upon Feather river, and one upon Bear creek (about ten miles above the post,) which have come under my observation. All of these together must contain something under one thousand individuals, men, women, and children. I was informed that upon the Upper Feather and Yuba rivers were some two or three thousand living in the hills, but whether belonging to the same tribe with those of the valley I could not ascertain. All that I have seen appear equally ugly, harmless, and inoffensive; but, being perfectly barbarous, and acting, as I imagine, more from instinct than reason, they are liable to commit, at any moment, some unexpected outrage, for which neither themselves nor any one else can assign a reason. I was informed that the rancheria upon the Sacra-

mento had, within a few months, committed three murders upon white men travelling upon the western bank; I was not able, however, to arrive at any details, and am not satisfied that the report was worthy of credence.

As far as I could ascertain, by inquiry, from those persons most likely to be best acquainted with their character and habits, all of these Indians are to be viewed with suspicion and distrust; and I found it generally conceded that those termed "Christian Indians," who, by their intercourse with the whites, had added to their original qualification of low cunning some gleams of intelligence, were by far the most dangerous, being invariably found to be the ringleaders in all thefts or other outrages committed by a rancheria. Should the present rapid emigration to this country continue during the ensuing year, the entire valley will undoubtedly be thickly settled with a hardy population, who, attracted by the fertile soil and beautiful scenery of the banks of Feather river and its branches, will brave its sickly climate, preferring to reap a sure and lucrative harvest from agricultural pursuits to enduring the hardships, exposure, and sickness of the mines for a doubtful prospect of immediate wealth. In this case the post at Bear creek, instead of being, as now, on the frontier of civilization, would be surrounded by a population perfectly able and willing to help themselves; and it might become advisable to establish a station further to the north, in the valley, or in advance, upon the "Truckee" road, according as either became finally the main route for emigration.

I have the honor to enclose with this memoir a map and copy of the reserve at Bear creek; also, a map and copy of the Sacramento valley, from the American river to the mouth of the Butte creek, which embraces that portion of the country referred to in my instructions.

Trusting that they may meet with the approval of the commanding general, I have the honor to remain, sir, with high respect, your obedient servant,

GEO. H. DERBY,

Lieutenant Topographical Engineers.

MAJOR E. R. S. CANBY,

Adj't Gen., Tenth Military Dep't.

NOTES TO LIEUTENANT DERBY'S REPORT ON THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY

¹ Henry Wager Halleck, of New York, was graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1839 and was commissioned in the Corps of Engineers. He was breveted captain in 1847. He resigned from the army in 1854, but returned during the Civil War to be major general in 1861 and Commander-in-Chief of the Army 1862-64. He died in 1872. Halleck was an active and prominent figure in California during the period immediately following the American acquisition. He was Secretary of State under Colonel Mason and General Riley; he was a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1849; he was a candidate for United States Senator, but was defeated by Gwin. He attained a prominent position as a lawyer during the fifties, the firm of Halleck, Peachey and Billings being retained in most of the important lawsuits of the period. In 1861 he was commissioned major general of state militia, and from 1864 to 1869 he commanded the military division of the Pacific.

² Edward Richard Sprigg Canby, born in Kentucky, was graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1839 and was commissioned in the 2d Infantry. He was breveted lieutenant-colonel for gallant conduct in the Mexican War. In 1849 he held the permanent

rank of first-lieutenant, but acted as major. During the Civil War he became major general of volunteers and subsequently brigadier general in the regular army. He was murdered by Modoc Indians April 11, 1873, while engaged in a peace conference.

³ George Clinton Westcott, of New Jersey, was commissioned second lieutenant in the 2d Infantry in 1838. He was breveted captain in 1847 for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec. He died in 1853.

⁴ Albert S. Miller, of Tennessee, was graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1823. He was breveted major in 1846 for gallant and meritorious conduct in the several conflicts at Monterey, Mexico, and in 1848 attained the permanent rank of major in the 2d Infantry. He died in 1852.

⁵ Julius Jesse Backus Kingsbury, of Connecticut, was graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1823 and was assigned to the 2d Infantry. He was promoted to captain in 1837, and in 1849 was advanced to major and was transferred to the 6th Infantry. He died in 1856.

⁶ Bennet Riley, of Maryland, entered the army in 1813 as an ensign of rifles. By 1839 he had advanced to the permanent rank of lieutenant-colonel in the 2d Infantry, and in January 1850 was commissioned colonel of the 1st Infantry. He was breveted colonel in 1840 for bravery in the Florida campaign, brigadier general in 1847 for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro Gordo, and major general in 1847 for gallant conduct at the battle of Contreras. He was civil governor of California, 1849-50, and as such called the constitutional convention at Monterey in October 1849. He returned to the East in 1850 and died in 1853.

⁷ Sutter, or Sutterville, was the small settlement established in 1846 by John A. Sutter on the Sacramento River three miles below his fort. (Bancroft: *History of California*, 1888, VI, p. 15; "Life in California Before the Gold Rush," by John Bidwell, in *Century Magazine*, December 1890, XLI:2, pp. 180-181.)

⁸ Hannibal Day, of Vermont, was graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1823 and was assigned to the 2d Infantry. He was promoted to captain in 1838. At the close of the Civil War he was made brevet brigadier-general. He died in 1891.

⁹ Sheriff H. A. Schoolcraft was elected Alcalde of Sacramento in 1849. (Thompson and West: *History of Sutter County*, 1879.)

¹⁰ Nicolaus Altgeier, born in Freiberg, Germany, in 1807, came to America about 1830 and became a trapper for the Hudson's Bay Company. He came to California about 1839 or 1840 and worked for Sutter, who encouraged him to settle at the junction of Bear Creek and Feather River in order that there might be someone there to run a ferry. Sutter deeded to him a square mile of land in 1842. The adobe house was built in 1847. Derby's "time immemorial" was, therefore, not more than seven years. The spot is still called Nicolaus. (Thompson and West: *History of Sutter County*, 1879, in which the name is given as *Allgeier*; and Bancroft: *History of California*, 1888, VI, p. 16, in which the name is given as *Altgeier*.)

¹¹ Johnson's Rancho, "one of the richest, most extensive, and beautiful tracts of land in this State, . . . situated on Bear River, thirty-five miles above Sacramento, and fifteen from Marysville," was at this time owned by Eugene Gillespie and Henry E. Robinson. In 1844 Don Pablo Gutierrez, a Mexican, received a grant of five Spanish leagues on the north bank of Bear River. Not long after, he was killed, and on April 28, 1845, his grant was sold at auction (by John A. Sutter as magistrate) to William Johnson and Sebastian Keyser, Johnson taking the east half and Keyser the west. In August, 1849, Gillespie and Robinson obtained possession of Johnson's half, it having in the meantime been deeded to several other purchasers, and in November of that year they also purchased Keyser's half. One of the main "emigrant" roads passed through Johnson's Rancho, and from 1845 on it is mentioned frequently in the narratives of immigrants. A portion of the grant was in 1849 set off as a government reserve, and Camp Far West was there established (see Note 15). The rancho passed into various hands, and was for a time overrun by squatters until, on November 18, 1856, the United States District Court confirmed the Mexican grant in the name of William Johnson, thus perfecting the title. In 1866 the town of Wheatland was laid out on a portion of the grant. (Thompson & West, *History of Yuba County*, p. 80; *Alta California*, November 20, 1856.)

¹² This spelling of Peter Lassen's name is frequently found in writings of the time and indicates the current pronunciation.

¹³ Theodore Cordua conducted a stock farm near the site of Marysville.

¹⁴ John Rose, a native of Scotland, came to California in 1840. He worked as a ship-carpenter and builder until the discovery of gold, when he went to the mines. In the spring of 1849 he and two others purchased the Nye and Sicard ranch on Yuba River. (Thompson and West: *History of Sutter County*, 1879.)

¹⁵ The post established here was named "Camp Far West." It was occupied for a time by a detachment of the 2d Infantry, under command of Captain Hannibal Day. Log houses

were built for barracks and officers' quarters. There was also a log fort. The soldiers, when off duty, frequently engaged in mining on Bear Creek, near camp, sometimes making five or six dollars a day, thus fulfilling Derby's prediction. The post was abandoned in May 1852, when the small remaining detachment of troops set out for the upper Sacramento to establish a post near Cottonwood Creek.

Thompson and West's *History of Sutter County*, 1879, from which these facts are taken quotes a "Centennial Address" by Judge [Philip W.] Keyser, as follows:

"I have mentioned Camp Far West. It was quite an important military post in those days. Pleasantly situated on the bank of Bear river, amid an undulating country that forms the base of the foothills, and which at that time was covered with tall pines and wide-spreading live oaks, the camp was an easy and delightful drive in the spring-time from Nicolaus, while its accomplished officers were the most agreeable and hospitable of hosts to the many visitors to whom they always extended a hearty welcome. Captain (now, I believe, Brigadier-General) Day was the Commander of the Post. My acquaintance with him and his brother officers began before Nicolaus was 'in esse.' How well I remember the day! Charley Fairfax (whom all Californians knew and loved), 'Uncle' Dick Snowden, as we all called him, (he was Fairfax's uncle and the Alcalde of whom I have spoken), a brother of mine and myself were on our way in December, '49, with provisions for the winter, to our log cabin which stood (and I believe yet stands) not far from Nevada [City] and Grass Valley. We built it in October, '49. We were packing our provisions on mules, but were delayed several days by high water. About Christmas Bear river became crossable, and we loaded our pack-train, saddled our riding animals and started. Camp Far West was in existence at this time, and the officers had been invited to partake of a Christmas dinner by Charley Hoyt, at Johnson's Ranch, which was the name of a large tract of land lying upon the northwest bank of Bear river and owned or occupied by Hoyt. There was an adobe house upon the land, standing upon a high, natural mound and surrounded by out-houses and corrals. Hoyt knew some of our party and invited us all to join his military friends at the Christmas dinner."

Captain Day's letter book of Camp Far West during the period from October 16, 1849, to January 7, 1851, is now in the California State Library.

¹⁶ "The Marysville Buttes are a cluster of hills about 10 miles in diameter, culminating in South Butte, 2,132 feet above sea level. North Butte has an elevation of 1,863 feet. The central area, about four miles in diameter, is composed of andesite, a lava that was pushed up from the interior of the earth in a molten but stiff condition. Around the andesite is an irregular belt of sandstone and shales of Tertiary age, bent upward by the force of intrusion of the andesite so that they dip away from the center at angles of 18° to 90°. An outer belt, about two miles wide, of tuffaceous breccias, consisting of angular fragments of lava of various sizes with some pebbles of other rocks, surrounds the sandstone and shales. The material of these breccia beds probably once flowed from the crater of the volcano as a thick stony mud. The streams flowing down from the buttes have broad valleys which are filled with alluvium in their lower courses. The hills have an outer slope of 250 feet to the mile and a steeper-in-facing scarp or bluff. A projection of the other slope to the center would restore the outline of the old volcano, making it about 5,000 feet high, or over twice the present height." Diller, J. S., *Guidebook of the Western United States*, Part D. *The Shasta Route and Coast Line* (Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey No. 614), Washington, D. C., 1915, p. 75.

¹⁷ There is a controversy among naturalists and hunters over the question of the mountain lion's cry. There are close students of the animal's habits who stoutly maintain that the California lion does not cry out and that the sounds attributed to this animal come from other sources such as the coyote and the owl. Certainly the California lion does not "roar."

¹⁸ "Snowy mountains" is a literal translation of the Spanish *Sierra Nevada*.

¹⁹ This fish was undoubtedly the Sacramento Perch (*Archophites interruptus*), which was at that time the only species of the character described to be found in these waters. The bass was not introduced until long afterwards. (Information from Mr. J. H. Vogt, of the Bureau of Fish Culture, California Fish and Game Commission. See also, Jordan and Evermann, *Fishes of North America*, 1891, p. 991, and *Fish and Game*, January, 1931, Vol. 17, No. 1.)

²⁰ Documents relating to the loss of property have been brought to light, and, trivial though the incident is, it is amusing to follow the story. In the Derby papers in the Engineer Corps archives is the following certificate:

"I hereby certify on honor that on Wednesday, November 7th, 1849, Lieut. G. H. Derby, U. S. Topographical engineers, was unavoidably obliged to abandon the following articles belonging to the Topographical Department in consequence of

sinking in the mud caused by the sudden overflow of Puta Creek. To Wit: 1 cover'd Waggon, 2 Compasses, 2 Tripods, 2 Chains and pins, 1 Hatchet, 1 Rifle, $\frac{1}{2}$ Coil Manilla rope, 1 Sextant.—John Day, Asst., Top. Engineers."

The letter-book of Captain Hannibal Day contains the following:

Camp Far West, Cal., 26, June, 1850

Sir,

In acknowledging the receipt of your communication of the 3rd inst. relative to a wagon containing some public property and directing its recovery by this Command, I would respectfully submit to the Commanding General of Department that its location is on the west of the Sacramento and on the summer road from Sacramento City to Benicia and I have reason to believe nearer to the latter Post than to this & therefore more easily recoverable from that place.

As to the present value of the instruments, I much doubt if it would remunerate for their transportation even to Benicia—the exposure all winter, I should suppose, would have totally ruined them. I am informed that the "Yuba" Road will not become practicable yet for some weeks and shall therefore wait further instructions on the subject and from the reduced state of my Command too, at present.

After the fair warning which Lt. Derby had last November, as I am informed, of the *utter impracticability* of that road for his wagon, I should think it no more than right that he be required to recover the said property himself.

Respectfully,

H. DAY,
*Capt. 2 Inf.,
Comdg.*

*Asst. Adjt. General,
Hd. Qrs. 10 Mil. Dept.,
Monterey, Cal.*

Lieutenant Derby mentions the recovery in a letter addressed to Colonel Abert, dated from Benicia, September 26, 1850:

"I have the pleasure of reporting the recovery of two sextants; two compasses, and two sets of chains and pins reported by me as lost last November in Puta Creek. They were taken from the wreck of my wagon after the cessation of the rainy season by a neighboring ranchero, from whom they were received by Lieut. [Henry Bascom] Hendershott, 2d. Inf., who has lately sent them to this post from Camp 'Far West,' Bear Creek."

THE SAN FRANCISCO McALLISTERS*

SAN FRANCISCO is indebted to Georgia for its McAllisters. There, in Savannah on November 26, 1800, Matthew Hall McAllister¹ was born. The son of a lawyer, he was destined to become not only one of the foremost of the members of the Georgia bar (and as such to hold, under President John Quincy Adams, the same high post of United States District Attorney for the Southern District of Georgia which his father had occupied before him under President Washington), but also to become the father of a numerous family of outstanding sons, the records of whose lives and his own form a prominent part of the intellectual and social history of San Francisco.

June 4, 1849, Hall McAllister² and his brother Ward,³ sons of Matthew Hall, with their cousin, Samuel Ward, reached San Francisco. At that time the McAllister brothers were 23 and 22 years old respectively. Neither had come to California with the immediate thought of practicing in the legal profession, though Hall had been admitted to the Georgia bar shortly before he left for the Pacific Coast in February, 1849. The three young adventurers were bent on increasing their material possessions and had brought with them to the Land of Promise a stock of merchandise to sell to the hard-working miners.

Into two tents erected on a vacant lot the three pioneer merchants moved their stock of goods and prepared to welcome customers. All the money they had been able to get together had gone into this enterprise. Among their effects was an old tin sign belonging to the father of the McAllister boys. This the fun-loving Sam Ward dug out and hung up before their place of business. It read: "M. Hall McAllister, Attorney at Law."

Clients were not long in making their appearance. A group of sailors with a grievance saw the sign. "Where's the Squire?" they demanded of Sam Ward, standing before the tents on the lookout for trade. "We want a lawyer," the sailors informed them.

"Step in and I'll go find him," invited Ward, who then hustled forth to seek Hall McAllister. To him he explained what the potential clients wanted.

"I'm not ready to open a law office, Sam," protested the future legal light, but nevertheless he returned to the tents and listened to the seamen's tale. The captain of their vessel had refused to pay their outbound wages amounting to about one thousand dollars, claiming that they had signed on for the voyage out and back. He would only pay them off in New York, he said.

After some discussion, Hall McAllister agreed to take the case and the next morning he appeared in court with his clients. The captain presented his papers

* The photographs here reproduced, likewise a small note book in Mrs. Cutler McAllister's handwriting detailing the expenditures and the list of guests of her Tin Wedding celebration, are gifts to the Society from her son, Mr. M. Hall McAllister, who furnished the material for this article.

¹ Born 1800; died 1865.

² Born 1826; died 1888.

³ Born 1827; died 1895.



Mrs. CUTLER McALLISTER
and her eldest son Julian.
Photograph taken 1861.



HALL McALLISTER
in fancy dress worn at ball during
winter of 1867.

to the judge. These were in usual form and were signed by all the members of the crew. The court perused them, then demanded of McAllister, "Well young man, what have you got to say?"

"Your Honor, I should like to read the contract. The captain has refused to allow his crew to see it."

When McAllister read the document he was greatly embarrassed. His fee was to have been half of the amount recovered. To all appearances the papers were in proper form. It looked as if the youthful lawyer would get nothing for his pains, but chancing to hold the document up to the light he discovered that parts of the writing had been erased and later writing substituted. With a smile, Hall McAllister addressed the judge:

"Your Honor, I would have nothing to say, if this were an honorable and straightforward contract, but it has been changed; there are many erasures and it is a fraud against these sailor boys."

The case was won. It was Hall McAllister's first, and his reputation as a lawyer was established.

This was the beginning of his legal career which continued practically for forty years with hardly an intermission until his death in December, 1888.

His two companions—his brother Ward and his cousin Samuel Ward—proceeded to the mines where they sold all the merchandise and supplies which they had brought from New York and also did a little mining with moderate success.

The life, however, proved too rough for them and they returned to San Francisco. Sam Ward sent a large part of his gold dust to Boston to his sister, the later famous Julia Ward Howe, and requested her not to sell the gold but to have it made into finger rings and jewelry and distributed among the family. His descendants now have some of the gold.

On returning from the mines to San Francisco, Sam Ward joined with another young man, Mr. Adolphe Mailliard, in a venture. They bought the ship *Niantic*, beached her on what is now the northwest corner of Clay and Sansome streets, and opened the famous Niantic Hotel and Warehouse.

Sam Ward later returned to New York and there married Miss Astor, the daughter of the first John Jacob Astor. He afterward made his home in Washington, D. C., and became known as one of its first and most clever lobbyists.

From Hall McAllister's diary, unfortunately destroyed in the fire of 1906, the following extracts were copied long ago:

"1849. San Francisco.

"Went to a dance last night. Didn't have much fun. The girls only spoke Spanish. Think I'll go down to Santa Barbara and learn Spanish. . . .

"Played Faro last night. Lost every dollar I had. . . .

"Had a good poker game at the Club last night. I came out ahead." . . .

The lure of California finally reached Matthew Hall McAllister in Savannah, and in May, 1850, the father of the rising San Franciscans sailed from New York on the Steamer *Cherokee* with his wife, Charlotte Louise Cutler,⁴ and two

⁴ Born 1804; died 1869.

sons, Cutler⁵ and Francis Marion,⁶ and a daughter, Harriett Hannah McAllister.⁷ The fifth son, Julian,⁸ did not come to California until 1857 when as Ordnance Officer of the United States Army he was stationed at Benicia Arsenal as Commandant.

When William M. Eddy, the City Surveyor, was extending the map of Jasper O'Farrell in 1852, he met Hall McAllister by chance one day about noon. Said Eddy:

"Hello, Hall. Buy me a lunch and I'll do something for you."

"Yes?" replied the lawyer cautiously.

"I have a short street without a name. It runs from Market only as far as Larkin. Buy the lunch and your name goes on it."

Our McAllister Street is a continuing witness to the verity of this anecdote.

In 1853 (Shuck puts the date 1855) President Pierce appointed Hall's father, Matthew Hall McAllister, to be the first Circuit Judge in California; and in his turn Judge McAllister appointed his son Cutler as Clerk of his Court.

At this period Hall McAllister was one of the most prominent members of the San Francisco Bar and as such appeared often before his father, Judge McAllister, in the Circuit Court. One day the courtroom was empty save for the three McAllisters: Judge, Clerk and Attorney. Hall was presenting an ex-parte motion when J. J. Papy, a well-known attorney, having business in the Court, thrust open the door, and after a hasty glance, started to withdraw.

"Come in, Mr. Papy. Come in," called the Judge.

The visitor bowed his acknowledgments. "Your Honor will pardon me," he said. "I hate to intrude into a family meeting."

For diversion Hall McAllister turned to walking, boxing and practice with the pistol, at which he was an expert.

Many will remember the old California Street notary, George Knox. As a young man Knox was studying law in Judge McAllister's office. Often Hall McAllister, after a tiresome day in court, would enter the office, throw down his books and say: "Come on, George, and put on the gloves." These he always kept handy. The two would adjourn to the yard and hammer each other until they were tired out.

"Did you ever fight a duel in the early days, Uncle Hall?" once asked his nephew M. Hall McAllister,⁹ son of Cutler.

"No," said the great lawyer, "but once I came very near it. The attorney on the losing side of a case I was trying thought I had grossly insulted him and sent me a challenge. Of course, I accepted the challenge and got my friend Frank Turk¹⁰ to act as my second. We were to meet at sunrise the next day at a point on the outskirts of the city. I spent most of the night arranging my affairs at the office and then went home to say good-bye to the family. About

⁵ Born 1832; died 1879.

⁶ Born 1829; died 1895.

⁷ Later Mrs. Samuel Ward Francis. Born 1833; died 1879.

⁸ Born 1823; died 1887.

⁹ M. Hall McAllister II, born 1861.

¹⁰ Frank Turk; attorney; clerk of the ayuntamiento and second alcalde under John W. Geary, first alcalde, from August 13, 1849, to May 1, 1850.

five o'clock my second, two friends, one of them a physician, and I drove out to the appointed place.

"A few minutes after our arrival another carriage appeared, but without the challenger. His second came to say that his principal had learned that I was an expert pistol shot and therefore asked for a twenty-four hour delay. This was refused point blank, and through Frank Turk I demanded a withdrawal of the challenge and a public apology.

"The challenge was withdrawn and the apology was made."

Ward McAllister, brother of Hall and his fellow adventurer in the gold rush days, afterwards became famous as the dictator of New York and Newport society and the author of the book, "Society as I Have Found It."

But the San Francisco McAllisters, too, held a fine reputation for social leadership.

In 1857, Cutler McAllister went East and married Julia Bedlow Parkman,¹¹ daughter of Samuel Breck Parkman, president of the Marine Bank of Georgia, and niece of Francis Parkman, the historian.

On June 14, 1867, their tin wedding was celebrated in San Francisco. The Oceanside House, back from the beach and just south of the Cliff House, was hired for the occasion. The list of ninety-seven guests includes names inseparably connected with San Francisco. It is the town's Social Register of that day:

Mr. I. Friedlander	Mr. Henry P. Tricou	Mr. C. Mayne
Mrs. Friedlander	Dr. Fourgeaud	Mr. S. P. Middleton
Miss Friedlander	Mrs. Fourgeaud	Mr. E. J. Pringle
Mr. Wm. Sillem	Miss Fourgeaud	Mr. Wm. Pringle
Miss Walkinshaw	Mr. A. B. Forbes	Mr. J. D. Hambleton
General McDowell	Judge Lyons	Mr. W. Jones
Mrs. McDowell	Mr. McMullin	Mr. Jas. Wilson
Miss McDowell	Miss McMullin	Mr. Glidden
Capt. Costar	Miss Turner	Mr. S. C. Ellis
Mr. B. M. Hartshorne	Mr. D. C. Breed	Mr. J. W. Brumagim
Mrs. Hartshorne	Mr. Parrott	Mr. Westervelt
Mrs. F. F. Low	Mr. Tilden	Mr. Bush
Mr. Solon Pattee	Mr. Miel	Mr. Whitaker
Mr. Geo. C. Bode	Mr. Noyes	General French
Miss K. Smith	Miss Noyes	Major Calef
Miss N. Smith	Mr. E. Hooper	Mr. John Benson
Mr. E. W. Leonard	Mr. H. Bowie	Mr. Newton
Mrs. Leonard	Dr. Shorb	Mrs. Newton
Mr. Alfred Poett	Mrs. Shorb	Mrs. M. H. McAllister
Mr. S. L. Johnson	Mr. Taylor	Mrs. Hall McAllister
Miss Johnson	Mr. Chauncey	Mr. Cutler McAllister
Mr. Chas. Johnson	Mr. Ford	Mrs. Cutler McAllister
Mr. M. Griffith	Miss Ford	Mrs. Van Rensselaer
Miss Griffith	Dr. Trenor	Mr. Lloyd Tevis
Mrs. Maxwell	Mrs. Trenor	Mr. D. W. Cheeseman
Miss Maxwell	Mr. W. C. Walker	Mrs. Cheeseman
Mr. B. McNulty	Mr. Cullen	Miss North
Mrs. McNulty	Mr. Henry Winter	Mr. C. Le Gay
Miss McNulty	Mr. Ransome	Mr. H. P. Willard
Mr. A. D. Grimwood	Miss Ransome	Mr. Turner
Mr. A. J. Jeghers	Mrs. Neville	Capt. Ramsey
Mr. J. C. McCeney	Judge Hagar	Mrs. Ramsey
		Rev. Mr. Perry

¹¹ Born 1830; died 1874. Mr. and Mrs. Cutler McAllister were the parents of: Julian, 1858-1880; Theresa, 1860-1910; Matthew Hall, 1861-; Elliott Ward, 1862-1931; Francis Marion, 1864-; Cutler, 1868-1868.

The music was provided by piano, violin, cornet and flute. And the culinary department of the entertainment left nothing to be desired. Mrs. Cutler McAllister wrote down in a tiny note book at the time not only the list of guests, but also what they ate and drank.

3 Boned turkeys	Assorted Cake	6 pds.
4 Roast turkeys	Charlotte Russe	4
12 Roast chickens	Mottoes	5 pds.
30 Salad chickens		
2 Hams, Westphalia	Pyramids	3
2 Tongues	Coffee	15 pds.
8 Tongues in sandwiches	Tea	
3,000 Stewed [California?] oysters	Strawberries	
1,000 Fried [California?] oysters	Cherries	
200 Rolls	Apricots	
36 Terrapin		
Ice Cream 5 moulds	Doz.	
Water Ice 1 mould	Champagne	6½ [80 qts. for 97 people!]
Ice Cream 3 Galls in freezer	Brandy	2 Galls.
	Whiskey	2 Galls.

George Newcomb, proprietor of the Oceanside House, did the catering, and was well paid for it; under the heading of "Newcombe's Bill—Supper and Wines" is written the sum of \$700.00. Fruit costing \$39.00 was consumed. The musicians were paid \$45.00. Cigars cost the genial hosts not less than \$150.00, while omnibus hire and incidentals added up \$126.00. Entertaining in 1867 was done with a lavish hand.

During the winter of 1867 Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister gave a grand fancy dress ball at their residence, 415 First Street, on Rincon Hill. Unfortunately, we do not possess the list of guests, but Mr. M. Hall McAllister, son of Cutler McAllister and brother of the late Elliott W. McAllister, has supplied a photograph of his uncle in the fancy dress he wore on the occasion.

Supper was served at midnight. The family silver was augmented by borrowing from neighbors. It was the McAllister custom to carry the silver basket with its valuable contents upstairs each night, but this particular evening the festivities lasted until well on toward the next morning and the precious silver was left below.

When the family and servants awoke the next day it was discovered that all the silverware was missing; the McAllister plate along with that of their friends. In a frenzy the police were called in. Below the McAllister home was a sand lot in one part of which scrub oaks grew, and there one of the "finest" discovered a group of children at play. A heap of sand had been decorated with oak leaves and one of the children wore a silver decanter label as a badge. There were large footprints in the sand and close by a stick protruded. The police dug down and found three sacks filled with the missing silver, and that night, concealing themselves in the branches of the trees after smoothing over the disturbed sand and replacing the stick, they waited.

At midnight the four robbers appeared and started to dig. Down dropped the police. Three culprits were caught and later sent to San Quentin. The fourth escaped. The men had buried their loot just before daybreak, fearing to carry it through the town in broad daylight.

DOUGLAS S. WATSON.

THE GREAT EXPRESS EXTRA OF THE CALIFORNIA STAR
OF APRIL 1, 1848*

THE FORERUNNER OF CALIFORNIA PROMOTION LITERATURE

As a supplement to the present *Quarterly* there has been reproduced in facsimile, for the first time, the famous Express Extra of *The California Star*. The importance of this issue of San Francisco's first newspaper was discussed in my article, "Sam Brannan, Herald of the Gold Rush," in the *Quarterly* of September, 1931, Vol. X, No. 3, but it might be well to repeat that it was from this number of *The California Star* that the *New York Herald* of August 19, 1848, obtained the information which formed the basis of the first publication outside of California of the discovery of gold at Sutter's sawmill.

Brannan, owner of *The California Star*, conceived the idea of a special edition of his paper which would give the world at large correct data about California, and in order that it might reach a greater circle of readers, he organized an overland mule-train express to carry two thousand copies of the paper to the Mississippi Valley, engaging at the same time to deliver letters entrusted to him, destined for that valley's cities, within sixty days at a charge of fifty cents an ounce.

In addition to Edward C. Kemble, who was editor of *The California Star* at the time, Brannan engaged the services of Dr. Victor G. Fourgeaud to assist in the preparation of this monumental journalistic effort. Dr. Fourgeaud, whose "Prospects of California" appeared in full in this issue, is the subject of an article by Dr. George D. Lyman in the present *Quarterly*.

Dr. Fourgeaud's discussion of California's prospects, as Dr. Lyman shows, was the result of first hand investigation. His trips through the Sacramento Valley, both in coming to California and the journey he made in the spring of 1848 with his family, qualified him to write with authority. The six columns of information and praise which form the main article in the "Great Express Extra" require no reviewer's analysis. They speak for themselves and give even today's reader a picture of the California we all love and know, to which the passing of the eighty-four years since they were written have but added details.

With this introduction, we may now proceed to examine the special issue and endeavor to discover what its text reveals about men and events in both San Francisco and California at the date of its publication.

Sam Brannan, Mormon elder and printer by trade, had embarked from New York in the *Brooklyn* with some 230 men, women and children of his

*The Publication Committee has made available 100 copies of the reproduction of this issue of *The California Star* for sale separately at the price of \$1.00 per copy.

faith on February 4, 1846. Among the passengers was Edward C. Kemble, a non-Mormon, who was later to become one of California's most prominent early journalists. In the hold of the Mormon ship was a hand press of Hoe & Co.'s make, a supply of paper for two years and all the necessary type and furniture for a newspaper office. Before sailing, Brannan had decided upon the name for the future paper. This had been set up in December, 1845, and a stereotype of the heading, "The California Star," had been made. If intent rather than publication were to be taken into consideration, then Brannan's newspaper which began its actual career in Yerba Buena January 9, 1847, would be not only San Francisco's, but California's first newspaper: although Dr. Robert Semple and the Rev. Walter Colton's *Californian* appeared in Monterey August 15, 1846. It is thus plain that Brannan's idea of a California newspaper antedated the Semple-Colton venture by about eight months.

When the *Brooklyn* arrived in San Francisco Bay July 31, 1846, the press and its paraphernalia were stored in Nathan Spear's grist mill which stood on what would be the north side of today's Clay Street, between Montgomery and Kearny Streets. There it remained until late in December when it was moved into a small adobe building which Kemble and some of the Mormons had built to house it on the rear of the lot Brannan had leased from Stephen Smith of Bodega. The site of San Francisco's first newspaper office fronted on present-day Brenham Place, some twenty-five feet south of Washington Street, and opposite the rear of the Old Adobe or Custom House, in the northwest corner of the then Plaza; our Portsmouth Square.

But before being set up in its new home, a prospectus was run off to give the people of Yerba Buena some notion of what they might expect. This trial sheet was printed October 24, 1846, and bore the caption, "An Extra in Advance of The California Star." (See *Quarterly*, Vol. VII, page 280.) However, during the time the press remained in the grist mill, a number of pieces of printing were done; these were public documents, legal forms and a wonderful lot of badges and programs on blue silk which were struck off on the occasion of Yerba Buena's boisterous welcome to Commodore Robert Field Stockton. Incidentally this celebration wound up with a parade, San Francisco's first, and a speech by the doughty naval officer himself, in which he offered to wade knee-deep in blood if a hair of an American was touched by the rebellious Californians then in revolt at Los Angeles.

San Francisco's Jones Street is named for *The California Star's* first editor. "Jones," says Kemble in his article on California newspapers which appeared in the *Sacramento Union* of December 25, 1858, "or Dr. Jones, as he was more familiarly known, was a thin, green spectacled, bilious-looking personage who came into the country with the Fall immigration of the year before" [1845].

In his bow to his Yerba Buena readers, which here follows, Jones refers to "the absence of the gentleman employed as permanent editor." This individual, it appears, was none other than the redoubtable Col. W. H. Russell, orator of the day when Yerba Buena welcomed Commodore Stockton, and concerning

whom it is said that on his way to California he answered the "whoo—whoo" of an owl one night when scouting ahead of his party, mistaking it for a challenge, with "Colonel W. H. Russell, sir."

"TO THE PUBLIC.—The anxiety of the proprietor to commence the publication of his paper at the present time—the absence of the gentleman employed as permanent editor, and my own convictions of the propriety and necessity of commencing it without delay, have induced me temporarily to take charge of the editorial department of *The California Star*. As the conductor of a public journal I shall be governed solely by what I believe to be the interest of the people of California. Having no interest but in common with them, every possible means will be employed to ascertain their wishes, and the influence of the *Star* will be exerted to carry them out. While on the editorial tripod, all private pique, personal feeling and jealousy will be laid aside. It will be my constant effort to make the *Star* useful and interesting. Its columns will be at all times open to the public for the discussion of all subjects of general interest. E. P. JONES."

This generous shouldering of the public's burden was but seconding the motto selected to appear above the date line, sapient words of the Father of his Country: "In proportion as the structure of a Government gives force to Public Opinion, it is essential that Public Opinion be Enlightened." And as if this were not enough the heading of the first column bore the announcement that the *Star* was "Devoted to the Liberties and Interests of the People of California."

Yet with all this public-spirited heralding of good intentions, bilious, green-spectacled Jones on his editorial *tripod* fell from grace. His renunciation of personal feeling, private pique and jealousy went for naught. Scarcely had the *Star* begun its duties as guardian of the public weal than the *Californian* at Monterey saw fit to criticize. Said the *Californian*:

"THE PRESS—We have received the first two numbers of a new paper just commenced at Yerba Buena. It is issued upon a small but very neat sheet, six dollars per annum. It is published and owned by S. Brannan, the leader of the Mormons, who was brought up by Joe Smith himself, and is consequently well qualified to unfold and impress the tenets of his sect."

From his *tripod*, Jones hurled his Jovian thunderbolt in reply:

"We have received two late numbers of the *Californian*, a dim, dirty little paper printed at Monterey, on the worn-out material of one of the old California war presses. It is published and edited by Walter Colton and Robt. Semple, the one a lying sycophant and the other an overgrown lickspittle. At the top of one of the papers we find the words, 'please exchange.' This would be considered in almost any other country, a barefaced attempt to swindle us. We would consider it so now, which

induces us to do a great deal of good for others in order to enable them to do a little good. We did think of charging the men of the *Californian* five dollars and seventy-five cents 'to boot' between papers, but as it seems to be their disposition to 'hump' themselves in future, while on the editorial *tripod*, we have concluded to give our paper to them this year so as to afford them some insight into the manner in which a Republican newspaper should be conducted."

Jones lasted until April. Then the blow fell. Sam Brannan had left for the East on his fruitless attempt to induce Brigham Young to lead his caravans to a new Zion on the shores of the Pacific. This was the occasion when Young, like a prophet of old, cried aloud when entering the Great Salt Lake Valley and beholding the Promised Land spread out before him—"This is the spot! This is the spot!" All Sam Brannan's honeyed eloquence and selling ability could not budge the leader of the Latter Day Saints, and he returned to California to make the best of things, and incidentally a great fortune.

Brannan, when he left, had given Kemble instructions regarding the conduct of the *Star* and had bestowed authority upon him to dispense with Mr. Jones's services should that become necessary. The day came. Jones was rudely toppled from his editorial *tripod*. In the melee his green glasses were broken, and more than his feelings were hurt. Kemble assumed the post of editor, and filled that office to the satisfaction of both his public and the *Star's* owner.

Jones, Tennessean [so says Kemble] and lawyer, turned his talents in another direction. He became the proprietor of "The Portsmouth House," San Francisco's first hotel which gossip John Henry Brown had founded and which Brown had left when opportunity in the shape of "The City Hotel" presented itself. Brown's new venture occupied the southwest corner of Clay and Kearny Streets and was owned by William A. Leidesdorff, U. S. Vice-Consul before American occupation, and after whom Leidesdorff Street is named.

Jones, with native acumen, solved the most serious of the problems which confront hotelmen: he married the cook, Sarah Kettleman. Then, too, he dabbled in real estate. In one of the town's early directories—the tiny eight and ten page affairs which preceded Kimball, the Noisy Carrier's magnificent effort of 1850 — Jones advertises that his office is at the corner of California and Kearny, the northwest corner, and that he is selling lots—lots on Goat Island! Eventually, the former occupant of the editorial *tripod* closed up his affairs and departed for the land of his origin, laden with wealth, only to give some editor in Tennessee or Kentucky the opportunity of writing a fitting obituary. He died in Charleston, S. C., in 1852.

On page six of the "Great Express Extra" of *The California Star* appears the advertisement of the Portsmouth House, E. P. Jones, proprietor, and below it, in the same column, the Astor House at Monterey calls the attention of the travelling public to the excellencies of both its table and its well-stocked bar. This hostelry was the scene of one of the Rev. Walter Colton's outstanding exploits as Alcalde, for in addition to his responsibilities as newspaper editor and pub-

lisher of the *Californian*, he was Monterey's Alcalde or Chief Magistrate. Word having been brought to him that The Astor House harbored a gang of gamblers, Alcalde Colton determined to raid the place. Armed with the very necessary "baston," or staff of office, without which he had no more authority than Mr. Average Citizen, and having posted guards at all exits, Colton knocked, only to be tardily admitted. A scene of desolation confronted him. The sole occupant of the building appeared to be a sleepy individual, lazily puffing a cigaret, but on further examination the guilty were found; some under beds, some between mattresses, some in closets, and one stuck in the chimney. The details of Colton's corralling of the gamblers may be found by the curious in his "Three Years in California," and the fines he imposed and collected went toward the building of the then most important structure in all California, where the Constitutional Convention later met in 1849 to frame the State's organic law, known today as "Colton Hall."

Page three of *The California Star* carries an article entitled "Benicia City—Suisun Valley." And Dr. Fourgeaud adds under that caption: "The following interesting letter was addressed to the author of 'Prospects of California'."

Doctor Semple's name appears prominently in the letter, for he and Thomas O. Larkin were Benicia's founders, and when in the passage of time Monterey had settled back into its easy-going former ways, while San Francisco was forging ahead, Semple moved *The Californian* to this city on the bay, so as to be nearer, he explained, to the business he then had in hand: California's first subdivision project. General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, owner of the site of the fiat city "at the head of navigation," had formed a compact with Semple and Larkin. The general's wife was named Francisca—Francisca Benicia. All subdivisions must bear a name, and what so appropriate as Francisca on San Francisco Bay! So thought the promoters, but down in Yerba Buena Chief Magistrate Bartlett thought otherwise. With a stroke of the pen Alcalde Bartlett destroyed the Semple-Larkin land boom. Overnight the name of Yerba Buena vanished, and the growing town blossomed out as San Francisco. Gone was the clever plan to steal the well-known bay and make it but a handle to their scheme. In their embarrassment Semple and Larkin fell back upon Señora Vallejo's middle name, and for all their boosting Benicia remained only Benicia, a town thirty-odd miles from the rising metropolis of San Francisco.

Newspaperman Semple, said by William Tecumseh Sherman, at that time a lieutenant of artillery, to be the tallest man in California, was the proud possessor of the ferry across Carquinez Straits. Old-timers were wont to joke about his height, and one story had it that Semple after having walked from the Bay communities to the Contra Costa side of the ferry-crossing found that the ferry boat lay at the Benicia shore. Head brushing the stars, he strode into the water and reached the other landing, where he arrived wet only to the knees.

The proceedings of the Town Council's meetings of March 29th and 30th, 1848, are reported in full. In them the name of W. S. Clark appears prominently. This was the man who owned the point of rocks where Clark's Wharf was

built; today's Broadway and Battery Street. Clark was grandson of Abraham Clark, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the property where his harbor improvements stood still remains in possession of his family.

It will be noted that E. P. Jones was secretary of the Town Council, and that Clark was Chairman of the Committee for the removal of fences to their proper lines. This matter of fences brings us to the reason for their change. It was in this wise:

The following letter [here published for the first time] was addressed to

JASPER O'FARRELL ESQR.

Civil Engineer

San Rafael

Magistracy of San Francisco

Yerba Buena Nov. 26th. 1846.

Jasper O'Farrell Esqr.

Dear Sir:

I have the utmost desire to have the town surveyed at the earliest possible day—therefore I shall expect you at your earliest convenience as every day will make it more difficult to get matters arranged as I wish them regarding the streets and lots.

All seem anxious to have a good plan of the town and I do not think I involve any risk of objection from any quarter. Therefore I decree it shall be done.

Yrs. very Truly

WASHN A. BARTLETT

Magistrate.

This was O'Farrell's authorization to lay out the town with proper streets and lots. In 1839 Jean Jacques Vioget had made an attempt at it, but had introduced lozenge shaped blocks. O'Farrell's work was to correct this and continue the street lines. In revamping the Vioget plan, a new system of orientation was necessary. The change long bore the name of "O'Farrell's Swing," and, in making it, many owners found their fences in the public thoroughfares. Clark's committee was endeavoring to induce the backward owners to replace their fences in accordance with the O'Farrell survey, which, by the way, is even today the basis of property ownership over a large part of San Francisco; north of Market Street east of Larkin, and south of Market Street east of Ninth, fall within the O'Farrell area as extended by Wm. M. Eddy, who followed closely the original plan.

Notice of the establishment of San Francisco's first Public School follows the Town Council's proceedings. It was to be opened on the Monday following the day the Extra was published, and the rates of tuition are given along with the announcement that Mr. Thomas Douglas, graduate of Yale College, had been selected as Schoolmaster. The names of the School Committee are appended. Besides Clark and Fourgeaud, we find those of Dr. Townsend, later Alcalde

and after whom Townsend Street is named; C. L. Ross, who kept the New York Store which stood near the corner of Montgomery and Washington Streets and in which the first regular mail, that brought by the Steamer *California*, February 28, 1849, was sorted and delivered, likewise that arriving by the *Panama* the month following; John Sirrine, a Mormon Elder; and William Heath Davis, nephew of Nathan Spear and at the date of the *Star's* issue occupier of Spear's former trading establishment at the northwest corner of Montgomery and Clay Streets.

Of all these school trustees, Davis alone has left us a record of his long life in California; a book regarded by foremost authorities as the premier source book for the period from 1840 to 1850. In the reissue of the Davis volume, to which much new material was added to the text of the old published in 1889, there will be found a reproduction of the bill for the school house of which Davis and Clark were trustees.

Below the school announcement appears the advertisement of William Heath Davis, and then follows that of Ward and Smith. Frank Ward had come to Yerba Buena on the Mormon ship *Brooklyn* with Sam Brannan, but was not a member of that sect. He held the reputation of being the town's best dressed man, and he it was who was Marshal of the great parade, already referred to, which welcomed Commodore Stockton. William M. Smith, his partner, had been a circus rider, was known as "Jim Crow" Smith, and besides marrying Susana Martinez, daughter of old Ygnacio Martinez the renowned Indian fighter, and widow of William Sturgis Hinckley, he established a reputation as a joker and an original. Davis in his *Seventy-five Years in California* tells an interesting yarn concerning this hard-drinking eccentric.

A. Gillespie and C. V. Gillespie his brother are among the *Star's* advertisers. The former was the celebrated messenger who overtook Frémont at the Klamath Lakes in Oregon in 1846 and who returned with him to take part in the so-called conquest. As a lieutenant of Marines Archibald H. Gillespie undertook to carry a dispatch from Secretary of State Buchanan across hostile Mexico and to deliver it to both Consul Larkin at Monterey and Frémont wherever he could be found. This was the most successful part of his career; later he served in the California Battalion during the Californians' revolt of the fall of 1846 and at the time of its breaking out he was in command at Los Angeles.

Mellus and Howard at the time of the *Star's* Extra was the town's foremost business firm. Henry Mellus had come out in the *Pilgrim* with Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, as cabin boy. W. D. M. Howard, after whom the street of that designation gets its name, was likewise a New Englander and the most popular American in California during Mexican times. This firm built the first brick structure in San Francisco, a one story affair which stood on the southwest corner of Montgomery and Clay streets, adjoining the store and warehouse which had been purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company upon the death of their agent William Glen Rae here in 1845.

Howard took a leading part in civic and mercantile affairs until his death in 1856. He was the prime mover in the organization of the company which built Central Wharf, now Commercial Street. What is now Natoma Street was originally named Mellus, but when Henry Mellus sold out his interest in the firm to Howard, afterwards accusing his former partner of tricking him, Howard had the street's name changed to Natoma.

Another advertiser that deserves notice is C. C. Smith & Co. of New Helvetia, or Sutter's Fort. In reality this was the business of Sam Brannan, and it was William Davis Merry Howard who backed Brannan's enterprises when the latter opened another establishment at Mormon Diggings after the discovery of gold. This was the foundation for the former Mormon elder's wealth. The first gold used in commerce passed over the counter of C. C. Smith & Co.'s store at Sutter's Fort. A few flakes given to a thirsty teamster by the Wimmer boys at Coloma were offered by him upon his return in payment for a bottle of aguardiente. Sutter was appealed to to confirm what the man had to say about the gold and its discovery and his confirmation of the fact was the first public acknowledgment to be made.

Robert A. Parker, who later was the proprietor of the famed "Parker House" on Kearny Street, fronting Portsmouth Square, announces that he has received from the United States and Sandwich Islands an extensive assortment of—and then follows a long list of merchandise among which "woollen and cotton *hoes* and half *hoes*, Cheshire cheeses, and cognac brandy" are prominent.

Victor Prudon's dissolution of partnership with Matthew J. Haan, with whom he was in business in Sonoma, recalls the fact that Prudon was one of the Bear Flag prisoners who was sent to Sutter's Fort for safe-keeping along with General Vallejo and his brother Salvador Vallejo, Jacob P. Leese accompanying them as interpreter.

The card of L. W. Hastings offering his professional services to all in need of legal assistance does not reveal the man. This was Lansford W. Hastings of the immigrant party of 1843 which took his name; the author of the useless and misleading "Emigrant's Guide," and later member of the Constitutional Convention at Monterey in 1849. Bancroft says he was an active, intelligent man, but that he always had a scheme on hand and that he was not overburdened with a conscience.

Hardly anyone these days would recognize the Santa Clara Valley under the name of Pueblo Valley, but the description of its possibilities as set forth in 1848 have been amply fulfilled.

The fourteen-inch radish of George C. Yount, the pioneer of Napa Valley, is instanced as a sample of that section's fertility. What would the men of 1848 say today if they could behold the intensive cultivation of that same region, and its world famous products?

The Tulare Lake, now but a memory, is spoken of as "Fork or King's Lake." It is held to have fine possibilities, this then wild section. "Indians inhabiting it are the only obstacle to its immediate settlement."

The Sacramento Valley and that of Sonoma come in for their meed of praise, but what might interest most is the census of San Francisco:

Males (adult)		575
Females "		177
Children of school age		60
A grand total of		812

Every San Franciscan will read the article "San Francisco." It presents a true picture of the town in 1848, yet it refers to one thing that has long been a subject of discussion. Says the text: "On the point we had just passed is situated Fort Montgomery, being a breastwork defended by six long Spanish guns; this, together with a block house, in the middle of the town, was constructed by the commander of that name, soon after he took possession of the country." The memory of old timers failed them when trying to locate that block house. Bancroft interviewed many. Some remembered it here, others there, while still others claimed that it never existed. Faithful John Henry Brown assures his readers in his "Early Days in San Francisco" that there was a block house and that its position was present day Grant Avenue and between Clay and Sacramento streets.

"I pause before speaking of the mineral riches of California," says the writer, "and to prepare you, will remind you of the anecdote of the Irishman who desired a person to write for him to his friends, 'that in Ameriky he had beef three times a week.' 'But, Pat,' said he, 'you have it every day.' 'Yes, faith, but they'll not believe the likes of that'."

And what a prophetic caution this turned out to be! Gold had already been discovered when it was in type, and in this very issue the finding of the metal is somewhat loosely described. Yet, not the wildest imagination could have then pictured what was to follow.

The description of the climate under the head of "California" would make good reading today in any Chamber of Commerce pamphlet.

And so we might go on and on, taking up this paragraph and that, and ever finding something pleasing and profitable. Imagine, then, the eastern reader for whom this paper was destined. What must he not have found to arrest his fancy! It would be gratifying to know how many decided to emigrate to California after perusing this masterpiece of propaganda literature.

One more thing must be noticed: Ward & Smith's advertisement of Lemon Syrup, which was to be had "cheap for cash." It was a lemon syrup box out of which San Francisco's first ballot box was made, so says John Henry Brown, and the occasion of its use was that election for Alcalde ordered by Captain Montgomery in August 1846. Brown claims to have cast the first ballot, voting for Robert Ridley, but he darkly hints that Montgomery landed his sailors and marines to help Washington Bartlett win the day. For years in San Francisco lemon syrup or something stronger was always associated with election days.

DOUGLAS S. WATSON.

VICTOR J. FOURGEAUD, M.D.

SECOND PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON IN SAN FRANCISCO, WRITER OF
CALIFORNIA'S FIRST PROMOTION LITERATURE

"JUST in time to dine in a civilized manner again," said Dr. Fourgeaud as he stepped through the door of the Portsmouth House.¹

There were four in the Fourgeaud party, the doctor, his wife, their six-year-old son, little "Nonie" and a small pet dog which had come across the plains with them. It was just six months before, April, 1847, that they left St. Louis, Missouri, bound for California.

Fourgeaud was a young physician. He was born in Charlestown, South Carolina, on the 1st of February, 1816.² He was of French descent, so that it was natural enough, when he reached the age of ten years, that his parents should put him on board a sailing ship and send him to a Paris, France, boarding school. His prep training and college education at the University of France being completed, he returned to South Carolina with the equivalent of an A.B. degree,³ and entered the Medical College of South Carolina. In 1837, at the age of twenty-one, the degree of M.D. was conferred upon him and he repaired to France for a three-year course of post-graduate study in the hospitals and clinics of Paris.

Soon after his return he married, and, as was natural enough, settled down in the French-speaking community of St. Louis, Missouri, to practice. There his son Nonie was born. There he associated himself with the St. Louis Hospital and the St. Louis University. Even in the early 40's in that frontier community there were medical men of note, practicing their profession; among them Dr. William Beaumont, who had performed those extraordinary physiological experiments upon the stomach of that young French voyageur who had been accidentally shot in the abdomen, thus providing his patron with a human laboratory and a niche in the medical hall of fame. Thus the young European-trained medico found congenial associations in the wilderness and was soon making contributions to the medical journals of the embryo city. Among them was a translation of a French article on "Auscultation During Pregnancy." By August of 1845 he was co-editor of the *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal*, closely associated with the best medical thought of the day.

Fourgeaud had also built up for himself an enviable clientele among the fur-trading residents of the city. St. Louis was the rendezvous of the "American Fur Company." In fact it was the hub of the fur-trading frontier. Voyageurs, Coureurs-des-Bois and traders from Prairie du Chien, Santa Fé and the Rocky

¹ Ward, James C., "Extracts from My Diary," No. VII, San Francisco *Argonaut*, Sept. 14, 1878, p. 10.

² Davis, William Heath, MS. Huntington Library, San Marino. This date does not agree with that of the historian Eldredge but does with Fourgeaud's tombstone in Lone Mountain Cemetery.

³ Read, J. Marion, "California's First Medical Historian," *California and Western Medicine*, Vol. XXXIV, No. 2, pp. 107-10.

Mountains congregated there every winter. Fourgeaud was fascinated with the stories they had to tell of the Oregon, the Pacific and the distant shores of California. Their tales stimulated his imagination and filled him with visions of adventure and romance. Now he eagerly sought out any traveler who could tell him of this distant bourne. He obtained all the books he could on the subject and devoured them with avidity. On one occasion, while examining the map of North America, he pointed to the bay of San Francisco, exclaiming, "A great city is destined to grow up on that bay, and there I will make my home."⁴

In the meantime he published his "Mortality Among Children in St. Louis." Like all fathers and physicians he was greatly concerned by the decimation of infants by the dread cholera-infantum that was sweeping the country at that time. It was an ambitious undertaking, that analysis, based upon the annual infantile mortality of St. Louis. Sometimes he delivered papers before the St. Louis Medico-Chirurgical Society. One, "An Introductory Lecture on the History of Medicine," shows the trend of his thought.

"Be not dismayed by difficulties," he said, "but like true sons of the gallant West, rouse all your energies into action and overcome them."

About this time a medico-legal case burst upon the world of St. Louis—that of the unfortunate Mary Dugan—the ranks of the physicians were divided one against another. The medical journals of the city were embittered by spleen and invective.⁵ Some took one side. Some took another. Fourgeaud, himself, had had nothing to do with the case — nothing except to report it. Yet he was caught in the vortex of the storm.

It was a tempest in a teapot, destructive rather than constructive. Dr. Fourgeaud was disgusted. As co-editor of the *Medical and Surgical Journal*, his editorials and opinions were assailed right and left. Those who differed with his opinions on the Mary Dugan case did not hesitate to throw a little mud on their own account. No wonder at such a time that Fourgeaud's thoughts should turn more ardently than ever to the virgin, unpolluted regions to the West.

One evening he came home and told his wife he wanted to emigrate.⁶ He was tired of the whole, nasty business. He wrote one last paper, "Medical Responsibility—the Public and the Physician." It was published in December, 1846, in the *Medical Journal* of which he was editor.

One April morning, leaving all these disillusioning, disheartening things behind, Mrs. Fourgeaud, their six-year-old son, G. Fourgeaud, a brother of the doctor, and the pet dog clambered into a prairie schooner, the doctor picked up the ribbons and they were off for El Dorado.

Those who saw him go regarded the doctor as a madman, fit only for the lunatic asylum. At that time people knew little or nothing of California. It was

⁴ Davis, William Heath, MS.

⁵ See Adrian, S.W., M. D., "A Discussion of the Dugan Controversy, St. Louis, 1846, etc.,"; Reyburn, Thomas, "Remarks" on Dr. Fourgeaud, etc., Supplement to the July number of *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal* (1846).

⁶ Ward, J. C., "Extracts from My Diary," No. VII, *ibid.*

looked upon as a wild, savage country, without prospects, without comforts, without the slightest attraction—except for the adventurous.

“What could induce him to select such a place?” they asked.⁷

Perhaps Doctor Linton, in a farewell editorial, answered it. “To the burning spirit of adventure,” he wrote, “which is nowhere so powerfully in operation as in this country—that spirit which beckons with wizzard charms to unexplored valleys, undescribed climes, and untrodden coasts, to the mysterious yet potent operations of this spirit only, can we attribute the apparent heroism of such conduct . . . all that we can do is to utter a heartfelt wish that our noble hearted and enthusiastic friend, as he follows westward the bright star of empire, may realize all the enchanting visions of his imaginings—find an Eutopia equal to his fondest hopes.”⁸

In the meantime “the most brilliant ornament of the medical profession in St. Louis,” as Doctor Linton designated Fourgeaud, was facing the setting sun on the prairie. Their first night out the Fourgeauds pitched their camp under some oaks, twenty miles from St. Louis. The great adventure was on! With two languages at his disposal, an education obtained in Paris, this medical man in the first flush of manhood was facing a trail that '49 was yet to blaze. They were provided with all the comforts possible, and with all the information, charts, etc., which Colonel Thomas H. Benton (much interested in them and the success of their adventure) could supply.¹⁰ They had beads and knicknacks for the Indians, a fine blooded horse for future use and the pet dog for little Nonie. Of what good would a French education be in Spanish California? Dross or gain?

The journey across the Rocky Mountains was tiresome and monotonous in the extreme. The way lay through a barren and desolate country, destitute of all association and tradition — even devoid of the deep ruts of prairie-schooners. Fourgeaud was adrift on an uncharted sea of prairies. It seemed a perfect blank. Once in a while the doctor broke the tedium of the journey by a hunting excursion. Then they reached the Humboldt. For three weeks they traveled along its banks. For three days and nights they crept along the alkali plains on the Sink of that river. Twenty-seven times they crossed and recrossed the beautiful Truckee. About the middle of September they reached the summit of the Sierra. Here was an ado. The descent was dangerous and toilsome. The wagon had to be unloaded, taken apart and lifted over the masses of rock that beset their way.

But, undismayed, still onward, with ceaseless toil, the doctor pursued his course. One day the glorious valley of the Sacramento burst on his view. They were all filled with joy and enthusiasm at the scene, for now they knew that their weary pilgrimage would soon be over. With renewed vigor and lightened

⁷ Davis, MS., *ibid.*

⁸ Read, J. Marion, *ibid.*

⁹ See Linton's editorial, *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal*, Vol. IV, April, 1847.

¹⁰ Thomas Hall Benton was U. S. Senator from Missouri, the father of Jessie Benton Frémont.

hearts they pressed on their course, until about the first of October, when they reached a frontier settlement on Bear River.

After resting there for two days Dr. Fourgeaud left the party and proceeded alone to Sutter's Fort, where he arrived somewhere between the 3rd and 9th of October.¹¹ General Sutter received him cordially and offered him quarters at the Fort. But, preferring his own shelter, Fourgeaud moved to the banks of the Sacramento River and pitched his tent at what is now the foot of J Street. Then he sold his oxen and wagons to General Sutter, sent his horses and mules to Sinclair's Ranch in the Suisun Valley and, chartering Sutter's launch of which Louis Keseberg, a Prussian and member of the Donner party, was super-cargo,¹² they embarked for San Francisco. On October 28th, after an eight-day voyage on the Sacramento, Fourgeaud landed at the foot of Clay Street, a few yards below Montgomery Street, and with his wife and son walked up the sandy street to the Portsmouth House.

After six months of trials, adventures and dangers! Six months of scaling mountains, fording rivers, crossing deserts, wastes, alkali sloughs, Sierra passes! Six months of life in the open, sleeping in a covered wagon, bivouacking on the banks of streams in sullen wastes. Six months of bacon, fried potatoes, beans, and the doctor and his family entered a civilized hotel. There were no heroics! No words adequate to the occasion nor to the successful accomplishment of his overland journey! Dr. Fourgeaud was just plain hungry, hungry for food, for the marks of civilization, for his own kind.

"Just in time to dine," he said, as he and his family stepped joyfully into the dining room. Captain Joseph L. Folsom, U.S.A.,¹³ Admiral Charles W. Wooster,¹⁴ late Admiral of the Chilean Navy; Dr. and Mrs. John Townsend,¹⁵ Mr. Charles L. Ross,¹⁶ and James C. Ward,¹⁷ were at table to welcome them when they arrived. They soon discovered how much they were to be the gainers by these new associations.¹⁸ Dr. Fourgeaud brought them much news from home, the States, France.

Doctor Fourgeaud lost no time in starting practice, and opened his offices in

¹¹ Bancroft's *History of California*, Vol. V, p. 556. Included among the immigrants arriving at Sutter's Oct. 3-9 are Gerke, Fairchild, Fourgeaud, and Beston.

¹² Davis, Wm. Heath, MS. Davis says Fourgeaud took Sutter's launch. Ward in his Diary, No. IX, *Argonaut*, Oct. 5, 1878, p. 3, says Fourgeaud "came down the Sacramento in a launch belonging to a man named Kriesberg, one of the unfortunate party, etc." This undoubtedly refers to Louis Keseberg. (See Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, Vol. IV, p. 699.

¹³ Joseph Libbey Folsom was a native of New Hampshire, graduate of West Point in 1840; came to California as Captain, U.S.A. and Assist. Quartermaster of the New York Volunteers, and was Collector of the Port for a time. Bancroft, III, p. 742.

¹⁴ Born in New York; came as supercargo of the *Confederacion*, 1847; died at Hock Farm, August, 1848. Bancroft, V, 781.

¹⁵ First physician and surgeon in San Francisco. A native of Virginia, he came to California in 1844 with the Stevens party; aided Sutter in the Micheltorena campaign; practiced in San Francisco, 1846-49; died of cholera in December, 1850. Bancroft, V, p. 751.

¹⁶ Came to California in 1847, a native of New Jersey; member of firm of Gelston & Co. Bancroft, V, p. 704.

¹⁷ Arrived in California, 1847; member of firm of Ward and Wells; lived in Massachusetts 1857-78; died in Massachusetts, 1883. Bancroft, V, p. 767.

¹⁸ Ward, *ibid*.

Jones' Hotel,¹⁹ advertising his inauguration in the *Californian* for November 17, 1847.

MEDICAL NOTICE

Doctor Fourgeaud has the honor to offer his professional services to the citizens of San Francisco and vicinity. Offices Jones' Hotel.

The doctor soon had a large and lucrative practice which extended twenty-five miles around the environs of San Francisco.

Once when a sailor was terribly wounded in the chest, Dr. Fourgeaud was called. In sewing up the wound the doctor had occasion to insert his hand into the thoracic cavity. Here, he thought, as he took the beating heart in his hand, is the opportunity to settle the question as to whether the heart sounds are made in the heart itself or by striking against the wall.²⁰ Gently he grasped the heart, held it tighter. Seemingly it struggled, palpitating like some wild living thing anxious to escape. It was uncanny! He could feel the steady tattoo — throbbing with muffled beat. The sounds were inherent! The sailor recovered.

Beside enjoying a large practice the doctor endeared himself to a large circle of friends by his social qualities. During the winter of 1847-48 he inaugurated the first masquerade ball which took place in a large boarding house called the Merrill House on the east side of Stockton Street between Jackson and Pacific streets. There were fifty couples in mask and the doctor ruled they were not to remove them until supper was announced. It was a grand success up to the hour of retirement in the dew of the morning. This was the first masquerade ball in San Francisco and was such an unique affair that notables came from all around the bay to attend. Among them General Vallejo with his two pretty daughters, who married the Frisbie brothers; Captain Frisbie, who was stationed at Sonoma with a company of Stevenson's Regiment; Colonel Stevenson, Commander of the Regiment; Doña Susana Martinez Hinckley (Comandante Martinez' daughter); Don Joaquin Estudillo with Señorita Concepcion, his daughter; Don Victor Castro who was the escort of his pretty sister, the Señorita Maria Jesus (Madre de Dios, but she was lovely!); Señorita Natividad de Haro; Major Hardie, Comandante of the Presidio; Quartermaster Folsom, U. S. A.; Captain William A. Richardson, Señora Doña Maria Antonia, his wife; William D. M. Howard; Henry Mellus; Joseph P. Thompson; Josiah Belden; Alcalde George Hyde; Frank Ward; James C. Ward; William S. Leidesdorff; the two Miss Eagers, Mary and Arabella, and others too numerous to mention—the *beau monde* of San Francisco in 1847.²¹

At midnight supper was served, masks were removed and many were the toasts proposed and pledged in honor of Dr. Fourgeaud, the originator of this historic event. The doctor's response was an elegant one.

¹⁹ *San Francisco Call*, April 9, 1893, pp. 8-9.

²⁰ Read, *ibid.* p. 186.

²¹ Davis, *ibid.*

Then there was the Thanksgiving celebration on November 18th of 1847.²² That was a great occasion. It was held at the Portsmouth House. Fourgeaud helped to organize it and gave one of the toasts. Hadn't he brought the latest news from the "States?" Those at the table were more hungry for news from home than they were for turkey. Admiral C. W. Wooster presided. The Admiral was from New Haven but all his life had been spent in South America. At that dinner his chest was ablaze with decorations, orders and ribbons! In his youth the Admiral had known Aaron Burr. That night he recounted many new incidents connected with the life of that extraordinary man. Many was the toast, story and resolution offered up. Fourgeaud had something apropos to offer on all counts.

In addition to ministering medically to some seven hundred people, Dr. Fourgeaud had time to serve on the board of education, being elected in the spring of 1848 for the City and District of San Francisco comprising Mission Dolores, the Presidio and Yerba Buena; along with Charles L. Ross, Dr. John Townsend, William Heath Davis and John Sirrine, a Russian in the employ of William A. Leidesdorff. When the trustees had their first meeting they elected Fourgeaud as their chairman. The school was located on the north side of Portsmouth Square, then called the Plaza, and opened April 3, 1848. Dr. Fourgeaud engaged Thomas Douglas as the first teacher with a salary of \$1,000 per annum. The building that Fourgeaud and the other trustees selected was a good-sized one and had already been used for church purposes.

Early in March, 1848, just when the hills were bursting into a sea of emerald waving grain, Dr. Fourgeaud became restless and came down with the spring fever. Taking Nonie with him he made a tour through the lateral valleys, visiting Santa Clara, San José, Sonoma and Napa. While he was away he purchased a ranch on Bear River, owned by a German, which he offered to sell for a reasonable figure. It had a pretty good house on it. Suitable, the doctor thought, for a summer retreat for his wife and son. The Yuba was not far away. Having completed his purchase he returned to his work enchanted with all he had seen. From the first he foresaw a glorious future for the country. She became the land of his hopes, affections and ambitions. He loved her, California begotten or not begotten!

She refreshed him in mind and soul. He was full of her beauties, of her resources, her opportunities and her future. One day, in this same frame of mind he was approached by Sam Brannan, publisher of the *California Star*. Brannan was looking for just such a man as Dr. Fourgeaud, a Californiac, an enthusiast, a "booster," a writer of parts, who could interpret with pen and ink a little of what he had seen in California and more of what he felt. Brannan prevailed upon him to produce it on paper. This article, he told him, was to be published in the columns of the *California Star* and broadcast in the east. It seemed that the business men in many eastern communities, especially those in Missouri, were making light of California. They were furious over the wholesale migration

²² Ward, *ibid.*

to that country. To counteract this fever, that was sweeping their countryside, these men had descended to calumny. Their newspapers bristled with discouraging reports from California, the ground was sterile and unproductive, rivers were unnavigable, there was not enough water for irrigation, the climate was unhealthy, and worst of all, the whole country was in the grasp of "chills and fever." If there was one thing the man from Pike feared worse than the plague it was a country ridden by "chills and fever."

All Brannan wanted was that Fourgeaud should tell the truth about California. That wouldn't be hard. The doctor agreed to write a six-column article on the "Prospects of California." Tell the truth! He couldn't tell the half!

Dipping his pen in an ink as potent as a California wine the doctor began: "Our now flourishing little town (San Francisco) is destined ere long to become the manufacturing metropolis and the commercial emporium of Western America," . . .

"It would be utterly impossible at present to make a correct estimate of the immense mineral wealth of California. . . ." onward he soared.

"We have one of the most healthful territories on the continent," he continued. "Setting its mineral wealth aside, it may be one of the richest agricultural countries in the world."

And so, on and on, for six columns. Paragraph after paragraph steeped in enthusiasm, conceived in glowing terms.²³

Sam Brannan was delighted with this effusion. The merchants of San Francisco were enthusiastic. Two thousand copies of the *Star* were ordered, printed. A courier, mounted on a mustang shod with shoes of fire, was engaged. The two thousand copies of the *California Star* were packed in the *mochila*. Horse, rider, Fourgeaud's "Prospects" and the *California Star* departed on the run for the Missouri.

Perhaps it was the beginning of the pony express that went galloping that April day over the Sierra, over the desert, over the Rockies, with Fourgeaud's refutation of the calumnies of the Missourians. The *California Star* would silence them! It was guaranteed to reach Independence in sixty days! And it did. Fourgeaud was a "booster."

In the latter part of March, 1848, Doctor Fourgeaud received a small package from General Sutter that was destined to upset all his visions. In the package were some small golden flecks. General Sutter wanted to know if they were gold. Fourgeaud tested them and pronounced them gold—pure gold. This was the first specimen to be scientifically tested in California.²⁴ Fourgeaud was an assayer of parts.

Now began the great gold rush to the mines in the foot-hill country of the Sierra. Everyone went. All of Dr. Fourgeaud's practice. There was nothing to do but go too. He formed a partnership with Admiral Wooster and James Ward for mining operations on the Yuba. They were going to operate a machine there for washing gold. Fourgeaud would be a gold miner as well as doctor, "booster," assayer, socialite.

²³ *The California Star*, San Francisco, April 1, 1848.

²⁴ Davis, W. H., MS.

So Dr. Fourgeaud chartered the launch which the German Keseberg was still navigating. It was a good sized launch and the doctor decided to take his wife and son with him. Wherever he went he always took Nonie. The doctor and his son were pals. He couldn't leave him behind, not even in the mad rush to the Yuba. He would take the boy and his mother to the Bear River ranch, leave them while he, himself, pushed on to the gold fields.

One beautiful June day they started out. There was a good cabin in the launch, but Dr. Fourgeaud decided to have his bed, that of his wife and Nonie's, spread upon the deck. There was an awning over them. At night Keseberg partially inclosed them with canvas walls. Within, they enjoyed all the privacy of a tent.

Sometimes of an evening, when Keseberg was in the cabin with the crew, they could overhear him, babbling of his terrible past. He had been with the ill-fated Donner party when they had been snowed-in in the Sierra. Reduced to starvation Keseberg had kept himself alive by devouring the dead bodies of his erstwhile companions. His horrible experiences had seemingly crazed him. He couldn't forget that orgy of flesh. It was a nightmare that exerted a terrible fascination. He lived thereafter in a seemingly happy but longing remembrance of that dreadful period. Sometimes at night Dr. Fourgeaud would overhear him telling the crew of his horrible repasts. Describing in minutest detail the delicacy of what he considered the choicest bits. Hands with long slim fingers seemed to be favorite portions. He dwelt upon them. Their delicacy haunted him. He could not get them out of his mind.²⁵ Those long, slim, white fingers! Pointing at him night and day! Sometimes he screamed in his sleep. Blood-curdling yells would awaken the doctor. He knew what was happening in Keseberg's disordered sleep. The fingers!

In spite of this harrowing experience, the Fourgeauds had a delightful voyage up the river. There was always something to enjoy. The varieties of wind and calm, the constant change of scene, the occasional quiet, and their loneliness in so wide an expanse of territory, gave them much to think of. Sometimes when the wind died away the crew would occasionally tie the boat to the bank and warp it along for a while. At these times no human beings met their sight; not even an Indian could be seen. It was a forest primeval. In seven days their voyage ended. The morning after they arrived at Sinclair's they set out on horseback for the German's. On one horse were Mrs. Fourgeaud and the pet dog which came across the plains with them. On the other sat the Doctor and little Nonie. The doctor would entrust his son to no one but himself. Packed in the saddle-bags were various articles and some food, notably a quarter of a lamb which Mr. Sinclair had given them.²⁶

Finally they reached the Bear River ranch that the Doctor had so lately

²⁵ Keseberg was a much persecuted being, according to Mrs. Houghton, a daughter of the Donners. She never believed in these stories told of him, although Keseberg was supposed to have murdered her mother and stolen her money. Keseberg seems to have been maligned. See Houghton, *Expedition of the Donner Party*, pp. 360-70.

²⁶ Ward, James, "Extracts from My Diary," IX, *Argonaut*, Oct. 5, 1878, p. 3.

purchased. Here he intended to leave his wife and son, while he pushed on to the mines. But before he could get away the Doctor was attacked by the "fever of the valley."²⁷ After a long and dangerous illness he returned to San Francisco — his dream of gold mines over.

It was September when he returned. Everyone was still flocking through the city to the placers. San Francisco was merely a clearing house for Sierra communities. No use starting the practice of medicine in such a place. Here today, gone tomorrow. No time for illness. In periods of great excitement there is no place for a doctor. The more aroused and agitated a community is, the less time it has to devote to complaints, illness, physicians, surgeons, hospitals; the healthier, the sounder it becomes. Merchandizing was the only occupation for such a time and place.

Fourgeaud became a merchant. He waxed so prosperous that in November, of that memorable year of 1849, he left California with his wife, Nonie and a competency to visit his old home in Charleston, South Carolina. He didn't return until August, 1850. Nonie was getting to be quite a boy.

San Francisco was now a metropolis, but still more or less of a clearing house for the mines. Still no place for the practice of medicine, at least so Fourgeaud thought. He read his medical journals but continued merchandizing. So successfully that in September, 1853, with his wife and Nonie he went to Europe. In Paris he worked in the clinics again, haunted the libraries and returned to California in the summer of 1855. When the Doctor and Mrs. Fourgeaud came down the gangplank, there was no little boy with them.

Nonie was dead—died during their travels. They brought him, in a casket, back to San Francisco and buried him on Lone Mountain under the wide-spreading arms of a protecting oak.

In 1856 the Doctor threw himself into politics and was elected a member of the State Legislature and removed to Sacramento.

Then an event occurred that shaped the balance of the Doctor's career. It was the autumn of 1856. An epidemic of sore-throat broke out in San Francisco. It raged with unprecedented fury in all the region about the Bay. The mortality among children assumed an appalling character. It spread to Sonoma. The mortality there was frightful.

One of Dr. Fourgeaud's friends, the Reverend J. L. Ver Mehr,²⁸ founder of St. Mary's Hall, an Episcopal school for girls at Sonoma, wrote him telling of his misfortune. Five of his daughters — Gertrude, Fanny, Amy, Bella and Ida had contracted the dread disease. Bella, Amy and Ida had begun to complain first. They were put to bed in three little cots, side by side, in an immense dormitory. Bella, five years old, sickened first. Suddenly at dawn, on the fourth

²⁷ Davis, W. H., MS.

²⁸Dr. J. L. Ver Mehr was appointed as a missionary to San Francisco by the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church in November, 1848. He did not arrive until 1849. He organized Grace Church, April 28, 1850. The first church opened for services on July 20, 1850, although the Doctor held his first service October 7, 1849 at the residence of Mr. Frank Ward. Sometime after May, 1853, Dr. Ver Mehr founded "St. Mary's Hall," a school for girls at Sonoma. He had five of his own (see Ver Mehr's *Checkered Life*.) Four of his daughters died at the school of diphtheria. (See Kelley, D. O., *History of the Diocese of California*, p. 19.)

day of her illness she had sat up in bed, directed her gaze on Amy tossing, in a high fever, on the next cot. Long her blue eyes rested upon her, then she said, with startling rapidity, "Come Amy, come!" and sank back.

The sun had come up. The clock had stopped at the very minute of her death.

And Amy had followed. "Tomorrow I shall see Bella," she had said as she closed her eyes.

Then they had discovered blue spots on the body of little Ida, the youngest, and she too was gone.

Could nothing be done? the Reverend Ver Mehr wrote. His two remaining daughters, Gertrude and Fanny, were lying desperately ill.

Some doctors called it croup — "membranous croup." — They were right. It was croup — membranous — suffocating croup! There was an offensive discharge from the mouth and nostrils. It stifled and choked the children. They could not swallow. They could not breathe. They suffocated. Taken sick in the morning, they died at night. A sudden, overwhelming croup. A new form of croup! Other doctors called it "a scarlatina angiosa!" The odor was so terrific that in Sonoma it was known as "putrid sore-throat."

Doctor Fourgeaud received the letter from his friend Ver Mehr. He read it through. He reread it, two or three times. He had not practiced for years. But he was careful to keep up with the times even in those early "dark ages" of California medicine. He read all the good medical journals of the day, especially the French ones. He was familiar with Bretonneau, the eminent French pathologist of Tours, and his work on the pharynx and diseases of the throat.²⁹ The plight of his friends the Ver Mehrs, distressed him. His own Nonie was dead. Whatever it was, he could not bring the infection home. He determined to go to the assistance of his friend. Three daughters already dead of the scourge! The two remaining ones very ill. It was frightful, frightful. He hastened across the bay to Sonoma, to St. Mary's Hall, to the home of his friend, to the sick room, to the bedside of his daughters, Fanny and Gertrude.

Fourgeaud looked down the throat of little Fanny. He spoke in French to his friends.

"Regardez," he said.

The distracted father looked over his shoulder. "Regardez, la gorge," he continued. A membrane, white and tenacious, lay across the throat. You could have picked it off with forceps.

Dr. Fourgeaud did what he could. But it was too late. Fanny was in "articulo mortis." He realized her hopeless condition, and the danger to Gertrude, as well as to the mother. She, too, had contracted the disease.^{29a}

Dr. Fourgeaud at once diagnosed the disease to be well characterized *pharyngeal diphtheritis*. Diphtheritis such as had been described by the eminent French pathologist, Bretonneau. Everyone in California was dumfounded at his diagnosis. No one had ever heard of a disease called diphtheritis. Croup,

²⁹ Davis, Wm. H., MS.

^{29a} Ver Mehr; *Checkered Life*, p. 397.

membranous croup, "putrid sore throat," "septic" sore throat. Yes, those were common terms, alike in medical and in lay circles. But diphtheritis — no, neither doctor nor civilian had ever heard of that disease. It was a totally new condition.

Satisfied, however, that his diagnosis was correct, and encouraged by the wonderful success with which Bretonneau's treatment had been attended in similar epidemics, Fourgeaud did not hesitate to place his reliance on cauterization. Like Bretonneau, Dr. Fourgeaud now chose muriatic acid as the agent. Taking the fifth daughter of his friend in his arms he carefully and thoroughly painted her throat with hydrochloric acid. It was heroic treatment — but it worked. The result proved more satisfactory than he could reasonably have anticipated. The child improved, lived. In later years she became the wife of Judge Seawell.

Hundreds of cases came under Fourgeaud's observation from that time on. Only one terminated fatally, the fourth daughter of his friend, and she had passed the period of possible recovery. So successful became his treatment in handling the epidemic of diphtheria that had decimated the young throughout California and cast a dark cloud over her golden sunlight, that Fourgeaud now considered diphtheria amongst the most manageable and when properly handled, least fatal of diseases. So thoroughly was he convinced of this that he deemed it his duty to give immediate publicity to his views.³⁰ He published a monograph on diphtheritis and sent it broadcast throughout California. The results were astounding.

Doctor Fourgeaud may have saved the children of the San Francisco Bay region but he stirred up, as well, a hornet's nest in the ranks of the medical profession. Old dogs do not take kindly to new tricks. Many an old practitioner who could not read French, did not subscribe to this new fangled diagnosis for croup. Diphtheritis! Nonsense. Dr. Lorenzo Hubbard, President of the San Francisco Medical-Chirurgical Association, sprang into the lists with all the emphasis of his position in the medical society and the community at large. Bretonneau was mistaken. "The disease denominated diphtheritis (by him) was clearly the secondary form of croup."³¹ So wrote Hubbard. So he believed.

Another outstanding medico of the period, Dr. James Blake, contended that the late epidemic was "a systemic disease deriving its origin from a peculiar poison generated in the atmosphere." One of those miasmas! Trousseau, Barthes, Boucher — all the French school were in error! Colossal, monstrous error!

Fourgeaud was not a little disgusted with his confreres. With not a little of that lofty attitude that so nettled his competitors in St. Louis⁵ he now sat himself down and wrote a lengthy paper citing numerous authorities in support of his diagnosis of diphtheria. In the hands of Fourgeaud a pen was a mightier weapon than a sword. It dripped with convincing proof. Once in a while he dipped the point in gall when he should have used oil. But Fourgeaud was a

³⁰ Fourgeaud, V. J., *Diphtheritis—A concise historical and critical essay on the late epidemic pseudo-membranous sore throat of California, 1856-1857*, Sacramento: James Anthony & Co., 1858.

³¹ Hubbard, L., "Pacific Coast Diseases," *California State Journal of Medicine*, Vol. I, p. 323, Jan., 1857.

mighty warrior. He asked no quarter. He gave none. He knew that he was right in the diagnosis of the condition, whose fatal termination had darkened many a home in the Bay area. When we have finished reading his treatise we know that his diagnosis was a correct one; that he knew his Bretonneau; that he recognized at a glance the condition with which he was dealing and that his French medical training had borne its fruit in California. Those years in France repaid him a thousand-fold. It was that diphtheria epidemic, his diagnosis of it, that has given Victor J. Fourgeaud an honored niche in the medical history of the United States. More important, it brought him back into the ranks of practicing physicians.

Soon after this event, Fourgeaud deserted the marts of trade, the counting chambers and the fiats of the law, and devoted himself heart and soul to his profession. But he did not lay down the pen that he held so pliantly and plied so facilely. Shortly after his return to San Francisco he became co-editor of the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* and in 1863 sole editor. He had a wider field of endeavor.

To its pages he devoted the discriminating work of his lifetime — a history of medicine — “Historical Sketches” he denominated them. They ran through thirteen consecutive installments of the *Journal* during the years 1863 and 1864 — terminating in the latter.³² He had commenced these sketches in Paris, he had worked on them in St. Louis, he had brought them across the country in '47. Into them he put years of research and study, sorrow and happiness, joy and pain, only to consign them at last to a medical journal on the Pacific Coast, where to all intent and purpose they are, for the time at least, lost and buried.

“Let us lift the veil of long past centuries,” wrote Fourgeaud, in the opening paragraph of his first sketch, “and through the obscurity which surrounds the earliest periods of the history of our race endeavor to ascertain the birth of our science. Its origin may be traced to the cradle of mankind. Medicine was born with pain, therefore, with man himself. . . . A suffering being — a heart won by pity . . . Behold the first patient and the first physician!”

So it had been with him. The suffering of little children. His heart wrung with pity. And he was back in the profession he loved. This time to remain. He continued to practice in San Francisco until the time of his death, January, 1875. Let us trust that by the time they bore Dr. Fourgeaud to his final resting place on Lone Mountain, he had come to realise all the enchanting visions of his imaginings; and that he had found in California the Utopia of his fondest hopes.³³

If in 1847 he was accounted “the most brilliant ornament of the medical profession in St. Louis,” over three-quarters of a century later it may be said that his accomplishments — medical and otherwise — are still an adornment to the art of medicine.

GEORGE D. LYMAN.

³² Harris, Henry, *California's Medical Story*, Grabhorn Press, 1932, p. 339.

³³ See Note 9. Dr. Fourgeaud's wife survived him eight years, and a daughter, May, born in San Francisco, died here late in the first quarter of this century, the widow of Brigadier-General Harry L. Haskell, U.S.A.

TO THE FRASER RIVER!

THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF CYRUS OLIN PHILLIPS, 1858-1859*

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY F. W. HOWAY

THE two letters and the fragment of a diary by C. O. Phillips herewith printed will serve to remind our readers that California was closely connected with the inception and early development of the Province of British Columbia.

It is now recognized as a truism that the rush of gold-seekers to Fraser River in 1858 was in reality only the transporting of a part of California to a country under the British flag. Wherever born, these men had learned mining in the California schools: the Feather, Yuba, and American rivers. Their experience therefore; the theories they brought; the implements they used; the newspapers they read; the interests they had; yea, their very friendships and hatreds—all were Californian. The old animosities between Law and Order and Vigilantes occasionally flamed forth even in the cool North: to which "Stranglers Bar" on Fraser River bears witness.

In 1858 California was ready for the call of a new gold-field. When, indeed, were miners not ready? They were always pursuing, or ready to pursue, the yellow will-o-the-wisp; always seeking the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. The more distant and inaccessible the land—the more vague the information concerning it—in fact, the greater the ignorance upon the matter, the broader the field for imagination and theorizing, and the surer are they, therefore, that it is a new Havilah "where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good."

The Fraser River region supplied all these requisites. It was hundreds of miles distant and in a country rough and rugged; the gold-bearing section was vague in extent and its possible returns far vaguer; no one knew the powers and jurisdiction of the Hudson's Bay Company in that far-away land, nor the distinction between the Colony of Vancouver Island and the unorganized, gold-producing mainland.

When, therefore, late in 1857, James Douglas, the Governor of Vancouver Island, exercised jurisdiction over the mainland, none knew whether his claim were justified or otherwise. He did not actually assert such jurisdiction; he simply assumed it. His earliest proclamations relating to the gold region style him: "Governor of Vancouver Island and its dependencies." As Touchstone might have said: "Much virtue in 'dependencies.'" The mainland where the gold was had no organization; it was merely a vast game preserve in which the Hudson's Bay Company had a license of exclusive trade with the Indians; and

*This brief diary (which is contained in a small memorandum book with accounts of Phillips' business transactions), the letters printed here and the accompanying map, as well as a small account book, and some other material not included in this article because it relates only to California and not to the Fraser River adventure, have been presented to the California Historical Society by Mr. Charles R. Phillips, now of Springfield, Ohio, the son "Charlie" mentioned in the letter.

it was no dependency of Vancouver Island. In fact that island colony had no dependencies. But who knew? And even if any one knew, how could the question be tested? The first proclamation issued by Douglas relating to the mainland was upon his own initiative and was largely informative, notifying his view of the law and of the Crown's right to precious metals; he followed this with regulations for the granting of licenses. Later came proclamations asserting the Hudson's Bay Company's rights to the trade and navigation on the mainland. No one who reads them can doubt that the underlying motive is the protection of the interests of that company as he saw them. It must not be forgotten that Douglas was for some years both the head of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Pacific Coast and the Governor of the Colony of Vancouver Island. He did not sever himself from the company until November, 1858, when he assumed the governorship of the Colony of British Columbia.

When the miners from California began, in April 1858, to press toward the Fraser River, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, afterwards Lord Lytton, the author, was Secretary of State for the Colonies; because necessity knows no law he instructed Douglas to legislate and to take all steps necessary to maintain order on the mainland until the colony could be constituted and himself lawfully appointed its Governor. The proclamations whereby he strove, for the protection and benefit of the company, to levy head tax and other imposts upon the miners as a sort of remuneration for their entrance into the land, Lytton immediately upon their receipt declared invalid and disallowed, inasmuch as that company's only right was of exclusive trade with the Indians.

The Colony of British Columbia (then embracing only a part of the mainland now included within the province) was constituted by Act of the Imperial Parliament on August 2, 1858. James Douglas, the Governor of the Colony of Vancouver Island, was appointed Governor, also, of the mainland Colony of British Columbia, on September 2, 1858. He was sworn into office on the 19th of November following, and on that day issued a proclamation indemnifying himself and the officials of the Colony of British Columbia against liability for anything done by them before that date. Thus all was regularized and legalized, and the gold colony placed upon a proper basis.

Frequent reference has been made to the "proclamations" of James Douglas. These were laws made by the Governor himself and which, subject to disallowance by the Home Authorities, were effective upon their mere promulgation. Douglas legislated by proclamations for the Colony of British Columbia from his appointment until within a few weeks of the expiration of his term of office (1858-1864), when a quasi-representative body, the Legislative Council, was formed.

The letters and diary here published show that after reaching Victoria on the *Sierra Nevada* Mr. Phillips made a trip on the *Surprise* to Hope and thence by canoe to Yale some thirteen miles farther up the Fraser River. He was not intending to mine but to enter into business. In association with Messrs. Land and G. B. Wright he had bought boots, shoes, and clothing to the amount of

\$3,200 or \$3,300 which were sold so profitably that his share was, it seems, some \$600.

He then returned to Victoria and in company with Mr. Gustavus Blinn Wright bought another supply of goods which were sent by way of Port Douglas and the newly-constructed trail to Lillooet and thence to "Phillips & Co's" store at Bridge River. It appears by reading between the lines that Wright's mules were to do the packing, having been brought from Yale to be used in carrying goods on the trail. The venture seems to have been a success, but Mr. Phillips was failing in health, and on October 10, 1859, he "Left Victoria for San Francisco & home & arrived the 14th Friday at $\frac{1}{2}$ Past 6 a.m."

F. W. HOWAY.

THE DIARY

July 8 58

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ PM Left Sacramento on Steamer New World for San Francisco & Got in at 11 o'clock & Stopped at the American

9th Went this morn to What Cheer House & Put up because found So many men there from Forest City at Eve went with J F Holt & bot ticket on Sierra Nevada for Whatcom & gave for it \$66⁵⁰

10th Sailed from S. F. at $\frac{1}{2}$ Pst 4 P.M. the wind fresh

11 Sunday morn the wind in the north & Strong made me Sea Sick

12 Monday Strong head wind and making but little Headway the Ship Leaking Badly having been Struck by a number of Heavy Seas During the night Every thing Got ready this Day to Cut off the top works & put the Ship about we have on board fifteen Hundred passengers¹ & but few of them aware of the Danger

13 Tuesday—blew Hard all night but has now begun to Lull So that there is Some Hope & Perhaps a chance for the officers to Get Some rest having been up for two nights We Lost 4 Horses & one Mule & one man Last not Least he was a carpenter & was washed over from the afterpart of the Ship

14 Wed begins to be pleasant & we are making better time to Day

15 Thursday quite Pleasant & we are Getting along better to Day the pumps are Getting ahead of the leaks but they have no time to loose

16 Frid Got to Port Townsend & the officers went ashore Saw indians & clams a plenty

17 Sat Got to Whatcom² at 5 P.M. & went ashore & found many acquaintances there & more Gambling than Ever I Saw before in So Short a time the place has about 3000 people at present but the most of them are ready to leave

1. Mr. Phillips' estimate of 1,500 as the number carried from San Francisco by the *Sierra Nevada* in July, 1858, is believed to be approximately correct. The official figure, 900, has been regarded as far below the mark.

2. Whatcom at the time Mr. Phillips was there was dreaming of the possibility of making herself the entry point for the Fraser River mines by means of a trail to connect with them. The effort was a failure. For a good account of it see "Whatcom Trail to Fraser River Mines" in *Washington Historical Quarterly*, Vol. XVIII, pp. 199-206, 271-76.

18 Sundy went ashore again & Saw the Same as Yesterday With Many a One HomeSick

19 Mondy Sailed this morn for Victoria V.I. & Landed at 5 PM Just Nine Dys from San Francisco & found Near Six thousand People there waiting for they Hardly Knew What

20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29th the above Days Staid in & about Victoria Seeing & Learning what I could & Wishing mySelf in bussiness Mr Land come up on the Steamer Oregon on Sunday 28th & we Roomed together Looking at the country timber &c

30 Bought Some Boots Shoes & clothing to Go to Ft Yale with & at night put them in with Mr Wright & Land³ with what they had Bo⁴ & Got our Goods on Board the Steamer Surprise⁴ having about 3300# & paying for 5200# at \$2 pr Hundred

31st Sailed this morn at 4 o clock & had a Smooth Sea but when near the mouth of Frazer River took in tow the Brig Recovery belonging to the H. B. Co. Going up to stop canoes &c to make them pay licenses &c the River at the mouth is wide & had a Strong current wich increases in Strength as we assend it We left the Brigg before we Got to Ft Langley & at Ft L we Discharged Ft for the H. B. Co. the River at the Ft is as large as the Sac at Sac City & yet this is the Smaller pa[r]t of it the main Stream runing farther north leaving an Island between it & the Ft. we Saw many miners Encamped on the Banks resting & waiting for The Rain to cease at 8 oclock we anchored for the night

Aug 1st Sundy at Day Break Started again up the River & passed the Harrison River about 1/2 Past 7 A.M

THE LETTERS

C. O. PHILLIPS TO DR. A. D. MERRITT, WOODSTOCK, ILL.

Port Douglass Brittish Columbia Sat Eve Nov 12 1858

Dear Friend

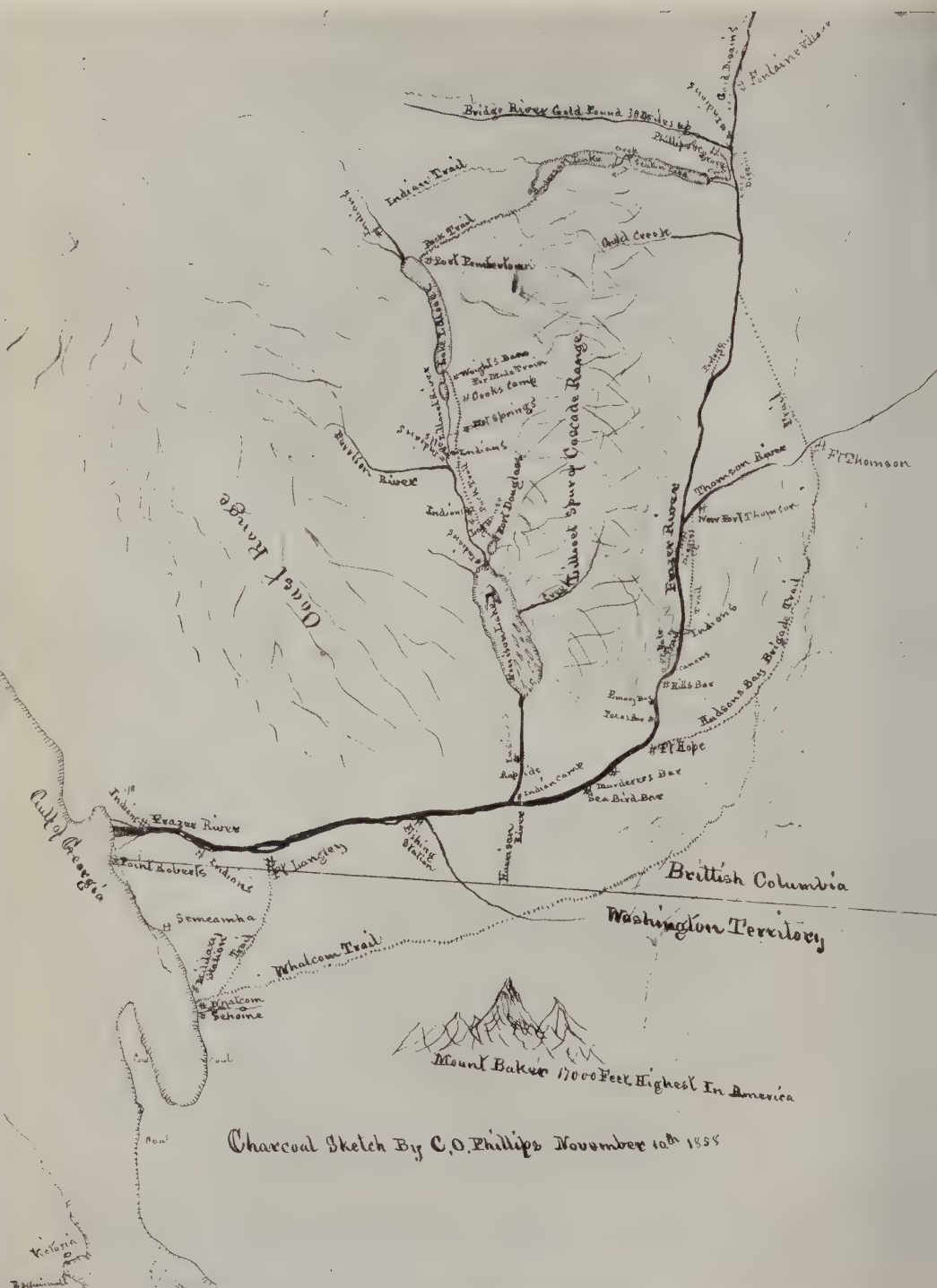
It is a long time Since I Wrote You & I have Seen Some changes Since. . . . When I Wrote you last from Forest City Cal I had Just been burned out but bussiness was Good & I felt Well but Just then the Fraser River Fever Broke out & it caused a General Stampede & Broke Down all business all Bussness men lost confidence in themselves. So I left With others & come up here To try anew my Brain for I had no other capital after a Very rough

3. The two men who were interested in trade with Mr. Phillips are both well-known. Mr. Land was the proprietor with Mr. Fleming of the sawmill near Yale; and Mr. G. B. Wright was the great road-builder of British Columbia.

4. The *Surprise* was an American side-wheel steamer that was brought from New York in 1852. There being no British bottoms available she was granted a suffrance to ply between Victoria and the gold diggings on Fraser River. She reached Hope on June 7, 1858, the first steamer to navigate beyond Langley. After thirty or forty trips, carrying 500 or 600 passengers each time at the terms mentioned in the letters and amassing a fortune for her owners, she returned to California and was later taken to China where she ended her days.

trip We Got into Victoria Vancouvers Island Barely escaping a founder at Sea there We found over Six Thousand miners in their tents waiting for the Frazer River to Fall that they might Go up it this was the last of July. I Bought with two others a few Goods in weight 3200# which in order to Get onto the Steamer We had to Show nine mining lisences for ea miner being allowed only four Hundred lbs to Go up the River & We paid \$5 apiece for the Lisences then they measured our Goods & called them 5200# at two cents pr lb, for the trip a Distance of 175 miles on a Steamer of 700 tons. then they required that We pay for a passage tickets for every lisencc but they threw of[f] two of them & I paid for Seven at \$20—Each then we had to pay one Dollar a meal & three Dollars for our State Room but we had Started & Go We were bound to So I took the passage tickets & Stood by the clerks Window & Sold five of mine there being but two of us Going up which was as Good as \$90 Dollars you See I underSold the Boat in that way We Got To Fort Hope as far up as the Steamer could run from There We went in Canoes To Fort Yale there I remained over two weeks & Sold My Goods making Six Hundred Dollars in the time, then I left again for Victoria To come to this place from Whence the Government Were about cutting a trail To the Upper Frazer for Packing Goods on mules⁵ I Bot My Goods in connection with a Mr Wright my Partner at Fort Yale he owning the Pack of Mules that come on for the Government. I have been here Since the first of Sept & have made nothing until Within two Weeks The Trail is now Done & I have Sent two lots of Goods To the Upper Frazer the first I have heard from by a remittance of Forty Seven ounces of Dust & the Goods not Half Sold the other lot is not through Yet but I think that this is the best Point North of Columbia River, & When Spring opens again there Will be a large emmigration here & as I am a pioneer I intend to make Something out of it if possible I intend to Go after Harriet & Charlie in the Spring & in the mean time I intend to build me a House for them I wish that You Were here for I consider this a Good place for most Kinds of Bussiness I inclose you a Map that I have Drawn with my pen the out Lines are from a map here but the places are all new & by My Self they have Sprung into existence Since any Survey Was Made & I consider that I have placed them correctly on the map You will See from Port Douglass the trail To Frazer River & to our Store & by the lattitude you may Judge that it is in the North, the Water in these Streams is very clear & cold & abounds in Mountain Trout & in Salmon that run up here but the Salmon are not Good at this Season all kinds of Game is Scarce Very Scarce The indians living on fish they are a very inferior Race in Size & intellect they live all of

5. While Mr. Phillips was making his trip to Yale and disposing of his goods, Douglas was arranging a co-operative plan whereby a trail was to be built to enable miners to reach the Fraser River above the terrible Big Cañon. Five hundred men received transportation and food and an allowance upon freight on their goods in exchange for their work in building the trail connecting lakes Harrison, Lillooet, Anderson, and Seton. They began about the middle of August and completed their work by the end of September.



them by the Water & Draw all of their Sustenance from the Same Source a tribe builds a ranch as it is called being a lot of Sheds all together & they all live together & wherever you See indians mar[k]ed on the map it is one of those ranches I can Speak with them very Well in the Chinook Jargon Which the most of the Tribes under Stand Some of. My health is very Good I have Gained eighteen pounds Since I left San Francisco & I am in Very Good Spirits perhaps the prospects have Something to Do With it, & Yet I May be Dissappointed here for Such is the Mutibility of Human calculations but if I am not Dissappointed I Shall Make Some Money here enough To buy me a House & lot I have heard but twice from Hat & Charlie in Near four months & I have a longing to receive letters from them

Write me & Direct To Hat at Empire Ranch Yuba co Cal Care Jacob Hyatt.⁶ Believe Me Yours as Ever

C. O. PHILLIPS

The Distance from Victoria To Mouth of River is eighty miles[,] from mouth To Ft Langley twenty five[,] from (to) Ft L. to Mouth of Harrison 35[,] from there To Ft Hope 30. To Ft Yale 15 The Stream is So Rapid that I went from Ft Yale To Ft Hope in one & a Half Hours in a canoe, from the mouth of Harrison River to Port Douglass through Harrison Lake is about Sixty Miles[,] from Port D. To lake Lillooet by Pack trail 40 miles[,] across the Lake To Pemberton 18 that is as far as I have been Yet, from there to Lake Anderson 25[,] across the Lake 15[,] the[n] a Portage with wagons 1½ miles[,] then across Lake Seaton 14 miles then the Trail To Frazer River is four miles & from there To Bridge River five miles[,] then up Bridge River To the Store 2 miles, the Store is a low log Hut without floor or window in it for which we pay \$3. pr Day Rent but as I expect To Go up in a few Days I Shall probably build me a Store. the miners are now leaving very fast on account of Cold Weather being So near at Hand & no Provision on hand but We are crowding it in as fast as We can & Selling as cheap as We can afford it I Gave orders To Sell flour for 50 cents pr lb[,] it has been \$1.00[,] Beans 50[,] Bacon \$1.00 that has been \$1.50 & Every thing else in proportion & as fast as possible we will put Down our "Grub" (Provision) the Packing from here costs now 20 cents pr lb the Weather here is rather Damp it Will Rain Ten Days then Hold up two then rain a Week & So on To the End of the Chapter & yet I Grow Strong under it.

C. O. PHILLIPS

⁶ Mr. Charles R. Phillips writes that he and his mother stayed at Pet Hill on the Marysville Road while his father was in British Columbia. It is his recollection that Jacob Hyatt ran a tavern and supplied relays of horses for the stage line to North San Juan, Grass Valley, Nevada City, Camptonville, the Mountain House, Goodyear's Bar and Downieville. A notation in one of C. O. Phillips' account books reads: "Tuesday June 22, 1858, Pet Hill Nevada Co Cal I yesterday Paid Jacob Hyatt \$50— which is to be applied towards Board if that Amt of Board is used & To Day I start for Sac City." This, Mr. Charles Phillips states, refers to board for himself and his mother. As there was no post office at Pet Hill, mail intended for that place was directed to the nearby Empire Ranch.

C. O. PHILLIPS TO HERBERT WIGHT, OF MILWAUKEE

Victoria Vancouvers Island, Sunday Morn April 3d 1859

Friend Wight

Your Favor of Jany 26th & Feb 2d Was handed to Me by [a] friend before I was fairly up, it had been to Port Douglass as Directed though two hundred Miles from here, (this is the nearest Post office) & has just returned. the mail Steamer from San Francisco will in all probability be in to day therefore I hasten a reply. . . .

You Say this is the third Letter to me without an answer, but I assure you that I have answered Every Letter that I have from the States Except one from R. H. Timpson N. Y. & I must write him from here as to my burning out which was one year ago the 11th of this month With my Partner I lost \$5000—& this winter in Jany We Lost a Schooner & cargo on Harrison Lake (I think I Sent you a map of my own Drawing) in Which we had to Sustain a Loss of over \$3000—So goes bussiness here. bussiness is now very good & I am in hopes to get a head & get out of the Whole country, this portion of it in particular there is nothing here pleasant on the West Side of the Cascade range of Mountains it is continual rain & fog at Portland Oregon it had rained One hundred & twenty days in succession up [to] March 25th & it may be raining there yet, the tops of the Mountains from Bridge river & north of there are continually covered With Snow So that When the weather is warm in Summer that river rises but when it rains the river goes down, as it Snows then in the mountains but I think that Miners now average better pay pr day than in California, but California has the most beautiful climate that you can imagine & for that reason miners & all are better off there. it is the climate alone that I admire in the golden State, for everything Else give [me] the Western States & I am not So Sure that I will not come back to them. . . .

You See that I have got down to Victoria. I commenced failing in Jany & by the middle of Feby I had got Very Weak . . . but just then we had a Small Schooner come up Loaded to us with goods & I got onto her & came down to Ft Langley & from there on the Steamer to this place . . . I have been gaining again & Shall Make up the Count[r]y as Soon [as] I can get there comfortably but I have no mind to Start up to paddle a canoe over one Hundred Miles after leaving the Steamer. When the Water raises I can go to Port Douglass by Steamer & I have now an Idea of going to California to See my family I have not Seen them Since last July & Since I come down here I have looked So poor that I did not want my Wife See me . . .

please go into A. B. Blanchards & eat for me a good apple (Something that [I] have not Seen of late) & Give him my best respects . . .

C. O. PHILLIPS

THE CALIFORNIA LETTERS OF JAMES CARR*

JAMES CARR, the writer of these letters, came to California via the Horn in the bark *Glencoe* early in 1850. He went first to San José, where the Legislature was then in session, and remained in that vicinity for two years, going thence to the southern mining district near Sonora, where for a time he assisted an uncle who was engaged in raising produce for sale to the miners. Young Carr soon drifted into mining, however, and tried the diggings at various points on Wood's Creek and at Hawkins Bar on the Tuolumne River. In 1854 he pulled up stakes and returned to his home in Batavia, Illinois, where he lived until his death in the early nineties.

The letters here published have been selected from a group of letters now in the possession of their writer's son, Hon. William Jarvis Carr, formerly State Senator from Pasadena and at present a member of the Railroad Commission of California. A few purely personal items relating to "the folks at home" have been omitted in order to save space; otherwise the selected letters are printed in full. The drawing of the mines on Wood's Creek, here reproduced, dates from the summer of 1852, and was enclosed in one of the youth's letters. Other drawings, remembered by his son to have existed at one time, have unfortunately disappeared.

* * *

[JAMES CARR TO HIS BROTHER]

Bark *Glencoe*, Dec. 2, 1849

Lat. 16° 39' N. Long. 28

If you ever disliked the sea as much as I do you will know how to pity me on this long and to me uncomfortable voyage to California—Since leaving Seal Harbour or White Head on the 11 Nov. we have had a good share of rough sea, and about one week of head wind, and Leo Fitz and I have been rather sick most of the time. . . .

Our Company consists of Wm. A. Abbot, Capt., wife and boy, Mr. Hopkins of Bucksport, mate; Mr. Truorgy of Ellsworth, 2nd mate, who has been sick all the time and unable to do his duty; 4 men before the mast, not enough by 2 I think—one of them a brother of Robt. Milliken of Surry, and one of your old shipmates—he has formerly been seaman, mate and capt. All these 4 men *pay \$50 and work their passage* for the sake of seeing California.

Passengers:

Mr. Chandler of Ellsworth.

L. F. E. Jarvis¹

*The introductory statement and the annotations have been prepared by Carl I. Wheat.

¹ Leonard Fitz Edward Jarvis was the son of James Carr's uncle Edward Jarvis, who later lived at Vine Spring Garden, Tuolumne County (see Note 11), and is mentioned in these letters. Frank, also mentioned in these letters, is thought to have been another son, and Charles and Ed were nephews of Edward Jarvis. They were all from Bangor, Maine. The James Jarvis mentioned in the letters was from another branch of the family.

Jas. Flagg of Surry.

Philip Milliken "

Henry " " brother of P.

Geo. " " son of P.

and Jas. Carr of Illinois, also one Irish Cook. Mr. Chandler says he used to know you, when he lived with Jasper Pond. He is a mechanic, pump maker, &c. Was at Wisconsin and Illinois last winter and speaks highly in their praise.

Our Bark is a good sailer, but only 215 tons and her deck is covered with lumber wood, boat and other fixings, water casks, &c., so that we have but a very small compass to move about in. Our water was put into oil casks which were not well cleaned, so that we can easily imagine ourselves taking a small dose of physic with a large portion of water. But L. & I have 3 or 4 bottles of raspberry vinegar which our good Surry friends bestowed upon us and which will make it go down a little better. We have also some gin and brandy. I have also 2 boxes of hard gingerbread made by Maria and Sarah at the Craggs which has gone and kept well, most of it still on hand. Have seen only two sail since leaving, a lonesome dreary road. Have caught some flying fish and one dolphin which eat very well; have also seen some porpoise. . . .

Bay of St. Catherines, 29 Dec., in Lat 27° 26' S., Long. 48° W. We arrived here on Thursday the 27th. Have had a passage of 46 days. There are now here about 15 ships—Brigs, Barks and schooners, all bound to C. and each having from ten to 140 passengers and mostly loaded with lumber and house frames, we have 9 frames on board. There are two or three old whale ships here. We have to be quarenteened 6 days, and they do not allow us to go on shore, but most of those from other vessels do not pay any attention to their orders, as their Fort which we are close under is a feeble looking old thing and commanded by one officer and 3 or 4 darkies. The principal City or Capital where the President resides is 12 miles below us and we shall try to see it before leaving. The land on the Island and main land is quite high and romantic looking, the hills are covered with green trees and shrubs of a short growth and plenty of the large tall prickly cactus is to be seen about the fort. Our bark has made the shortest passage of any here, and the *Cantero*,² which left Bangor a week before us with 90 on board, came in just after us. The *Chas. Cooper* which left B. at the same time we have not seen; she did not intend to stop. Frank Car and about 60 others were on board of her. She may be ahead as she is a fine sailer. We shall try to get our water and be off in about a week.

We expected to have a fine time on shore, but fear we shall be disappointed. Have not yet seen the Consul; he is (they say) an old whaleman and married the Commandant's sister. Fruit such as oranges, bananas, pineapples, etc. are scarce and high and green, and we shall not be able to indulge in such luxuries.

² The *Cantero* has appeared before in the pages of this *Quarterly*. Vol. II, No. 1 contains "The Journal of Benjamin Dore," which includes his trip to California in 1849-50 in the bark *Cantero*. In this the *Glencoe* is mentioned on pages 93, 94 and 98.

Beef 20\$ per ox or cow. The weather has been warm and pleasant. This is the first rainy day we have had for some time. . . .

[JAMES CARR TO HIS MOTHER, MRS. B. S. CARR, OF GENEVA, KANE COUNTY,
ILLINOIS]

Bark Glencoe, on the Pacific Ocean,
March 3, 1850, Lat. 16° 52' S.,
Long. 93° W.

6th: Still very pleasant, with a steady fair breeze; passengers all well but very tired of the sea. The vessel is well enough, but we have been on board four months, and our sources of amusement are almost exhausted. We generally have a game or two of whist, then read, write and cipher, talk of absent friends, of our expected fortunes at California, and of the comfort and enjoyment we shall take with our friends at the E & W when we return. . . .

Talcahuano, on the coast of Chili in Lat. 37° 39' S. is a poor miserable looking place with the dirtiest poor lazy inhabitants I have ever seen. The buildings are all low and possess no beauty. The town was entirely destroyed in 1835 by an earthquake; also the City of Conception 9 miles back. The latter place *was* quite large and had a few good looking buildings previous to its down-shake, but now it is no better looking than T. only some larger, containing 8 or 9000 inhabitants. The interior of the country is rich and fruitful, producing wheat, corn, potatoes (a native), fruit, vegetables, coal, copper, gold and silver; and horses, mules and jackasses in abundance. Good carriages, carts and wagons very scarce; most of the produce is brought in on mules.

April 7. Sunday 8 a.m., in the Bay of San Francisco, at anchor safe and in our usual good health, for which we have reason to be thankful. Have had a wet, foggy day, and rather a disagreeable time getting in. The land on both sides of the entrance is high and rough and covered with green grass but *no* trees; birds (ducks) in great abundance.

April 11, 1850. On board the Sloop Martha Gould in the Bay of San Francisco with a very light breeze, bound from San Francisco southerly to San Jose, distant about 50 miles.

Saturday evening, 13 April. Have been employed today copying a plan of a new City. Expect to get 100\$ for it, and it will not take me *more* than four days. We now sleep in the office with Chas and eat at the Mansion house,³ at the rate of 21\$ per week. This place is pleasantly situated on a large plane with high and almost treeless hills on both sides. San F. is on a side hill something like Bucksport only there are *no* large trees near it, and in wet weather it is a horrid dirty hole. The rainy season is now over. Lumber there is only 30\$ pr

³ The Mansion House was located on the east side of First Street, in San José. Its adobe walls were commenced in 1849, the building being completed early in 1850, by Joseph S. Ruckle, at a cost of about one hundred thousand dollars. It was the leading hotel of the town and was one of the best of its period in the entire state. (See account of this hostelry in Hall's *History of San José*, 1871, pp. 212-16.) It was destroyed by fire on May 31, 1865.

M. and out of that must come 12 pr M for literage—flour 9\$ pr bbl., potatoes 12 cents pr lb., onion 75 cts. pr lb., butter 1\$, beef 25 cts., tea 1\$, coffee 50 cts., *washing* 6\$ pr doz. The people appear civil and respectable and there is no more danger here of one's life or purse than in our eastern cities. They think here as much of a dollar as we do of cts. down east. Tomorrow Leo. expects to go (on a mule) to San Francisco to see what he can do there, and get the news. Have written to Mr. Adams at Sacramento. Met with Mr. Jackson (from Manchester, N.H.) one of my surveying party there. He has gone to the mines. The Senate and House have been in cession since Jan. 1 at 16\$ pr day, besides some 80 cts pr mile travelling fees.⁴ Expect to adjourn next week. There are some smart jolly fellows among them. Have sent a letter to Robt. and will write you again the first good opportunity. I think I shall like the country if I have plenty of pretty easy work. The mornings and evenings quite cool and heavy dew and fog is not rare. Ducks and geese very plenty *near this* city, but as Mr. McLellan would say "they are very shy." Perhaps you had better direct to me here or at San Francisco. . . .

[FROM L. F. E. JARVIS TO HIS COUSIN, CAPTAIN LEONARD J. CARR,
OF BATAVIA, KANE COUNTY, ILLINOIS]

April 7, Sunday morning, foggy, rainy, cold and unpleasant. Made the land near San Francisco yesterday afternoon and are now trying to run in, but at present tis doubtful if we succeed, for the last three or four days we have seen plenty of vessels, bound both in and out, spoke a number; lumber they say is very low, and we think we can afford to *live in a house* instead of tent.

8 p.m. at anchor in the Bay of San Francisco. Have had the wind rather unfavorable and a strong current against us. It is too dark to see the City and people but the land and hills as we entered looked well and *green with grass*; *no* trees to be seen yet. There appear to be many vessels in the Harbour which is very large. Tomorrow we shall land and examine the elephant after which you shall have a description. A number of vessels went in with us today and we passed some going out, the outward bound have all appeared to be lightly manned, which makes us think wages are still high. Tis said there is much fog here and we have had a good specimen of it. They have Pilots here but our Capt. thought he could get in without and refused to take one. We are all thankful that we are here safe and in our usual health. That is to say, as hearty as bucks and very anxious to be hard at work. We shall leave for San Jose in two hours. Shall write as soon as we get settled at something.

April 9th, 1850.

All agree in its being healthy here.

⁴ The first Legislature of California met on December 15, 1849, at San José, some nine months before the State was admitted to the Union. Accommodations (in an unfinished, two-story adobe building) were poor, and there was much dissatisfaction with the selection of the town as the State Capital, but on the 27th the local citizenry gave the legislators a "Grand Ball," and in spite of the lack of proper accommodations the Senate and Assembly then settled down to business. Among the more important items dealt with was that by which foreign miners were taxed \$20 per month. Adjournment was taken on April 22, 1850.

[ADDED BY JAMES CARR ON THE SAME PAPER]

San Jose, April 12th, 6 p.m. at the office of C. J. W. Sur. Gen.⁵ Have just returned from his farm distant 3 miles. The land is flat, dry and rich, and I should think with the help of a good shower as often as once a week (they do not *have any* for five or six months) one could raise great crops. The ground now is as dry as our prairies in the middle of summer. The grass looks well and is about 1 foot high. Yellow clover, the leaf of which resembles our white, is the prevailing grass, also other grass some like our June grass, and *large quantities* of *mustard* now 2 and 3 ft. high. Tis without doubt a fine grazing country. Parts of the country very much resemble home. There is much more timber here than at San Francisco, red wood is the principal, also oak. Everything is very high as well as labour—common labourers at San Francisco get 5 and 6\$ pr day and have to pay 14\$ pr week for board. Some mechanics get 12 and 14\$ pr day, but everybody does not now *get* work if they try. We came up here yesterday from San Francisco, about 50 miles in an open boat and 9 miles on a cart with 2 mules—cost about 11\$; the stage fare is 30\$. I do not yet know what I shall do, wait here and try to get some surveying, cut hay, or go to the mines. Surveying pays well if you can get enough, say from 20 to fifty \$ pr day. For 3 days work Chas. charged 300\$ but his expenses were about 100\$ to come out. Chas. is well and stands a good chance of making money. His hair is in the ht. of fashion for this country; you can hardly see his mouth for whiskers and mustachios; he has not shaved since leaving N. O. Found J. Wilson at San F. He looks "bout same" and says he is doing better than he expected; is with Osborn & Brannan.⁶ N. Adams I have not found; he may be at Sacramento, as I heard the vessel went there. Bill Carr⁷ made 1500\$ or more here, lightering; gambled and raised the d—I and is now in the Hospital. Fred Tweet from Surry is at San F. and is making money fast, say 25\$ pr day or more, as a *boss* in building wharfs, &c. He got 2000\$ in *14 days* work at the mines. From all accts. there is plenty of gold here, and *many* get rich, and I have seen but few sick and discontented, but a man with only a small capital of 40 or 50\$ cannot afford to *loaf* many days. . . .

[JAMES CARR, PROBABLY TO HIS SISTER]

San Jose, Tuesday, April 22, 1850.

Morning thick and foggy. The Senate and House adjourned last night and most of them have gone home. L. and I are now engaged in Assisting Prof.

⁵ Charles J. Whiting was the California State Surveyor-General at this time.

⁶ J. W. Osborn and "Sam" Brannan. "In 1849, Mr. Brannan returned to San Francisco, where he had still preserved a residence and citizenship, and under the firm of Osborn & Brannan carried on an extensive business for nearly a year in China merchandise."—*Annals of San Francisco*, p. 752. Kimball's San Francisco Directory for 1850 lists "Brannan, S. real estate broker" on Montgomery between Sacramento and California streets, and "Osborn, J. W. china goods," also on Montgomery Street between Sacramento and California.

⁷ Bill Carr was probably a cousin. He also hailed from Bangor, Maine.

Nooney⁸ (who was engaged on the Boundary survey with Chas.) in laying out a farm or ranch into lots. It is about 3 miles below this village on a fine level plain or prairie with the grass and clover knee high and as thick as a mat, and L finds it rather hard hauling a 100 ft. chain through it. We commenced on Saturday last and shall finish in 2 or 3 days. 500\$ is to be given for the job. We shall probably make about 50 or 60\$ each. I have also made a copy of a plan in 4 days for which I got 100\$, and finished off another plan for which I am to have a house lot in the new City of Oro,⁹ valued at 100\$. Thus far I have done very well. . . .

[JAMES CARR TO HIS MOTHER]

San Jose, Dec. 8, 1850

. . . Have not succeeded in buying an ox team, some are too small, some too poor, and some too dear. The prices range from 125 to 250\$ pr yoke. Last Tuesday C. & I went to Santa Clara to see some four or five yoke owned by Col. Davis from Tennessee, remained there nearly all day waiting for him to hunt and drive them up, and after all did not see the ones we thought we might like. 200\$ was his price. He says he has sold cows driven from the States for 200 and 223 dollars; his small sucking pigs he asks 30\$ a pair for. California cows and oxen can be bought much cheaper but all the cows I have seen have had their hind legs lashed together before milking, which makes much trouble, and the oxen are awkward animals, used only to work with their heads lashed to a long yoke so that they can not bend their necks, and the drivers have to go from one side to the other to keep them in the road or on the track. Their horses are fine to ride, but few of them are willing to work in harness. The men are not much better and the women I know nothing about.

We still have a few cases of cholera here and at San Francisco. Saw Capt. Emerson on Friday last; he said he was going to move his family to the City of San Jose (they have been at Mr. Koue's) that he wanted to sell part of his 100 acres, and that he expected his brother Walter and wife in the spring. He still runs a small steamer to San Francisco. Chas. went down with him.

Last week we spent some days in surveying and looking for corner stakes

⁸ Shortly prior to the date of this letter the party which had been formed to survey the Mexican Boundary had been greatly disorganized by certain purely political occurrences, and many of its civilian employees (among whom was no doubt this "Prof. Nooney") had left the Boundary Commission's camp at San Diego for other parts of California. With respect to the Boundary Survey and its strange history under Weller, Bartlett and Emory (Frémont's name is omitted because he never assumed active control), see Lesley, Lewis B., "The International Boundary Survey from San Diego to the Gila River, 1849-50," *Quarterly of California Historical Society*, Vol. IX, No. 1; Bartlett, John R., *Personal Narrative of Explorations, etc.*, N. Y., 1854; Emory, William H., *Report of the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey*, Washington, 1857, 34th Congress, First Session, House of Representatives, Ex. Doc. No. 135.

⁹ The city of Oro was in Placer County, near Ophir, and was the first county seat. The Court of Sessions met at Oro on June 10, 1850, but the accommodations (a zinc building 20 x 20 feet in size, with a zinc roof) were so inadequate that the court at once resolved to adjourn its meetings to Nicolaus, where more comfortable quarters were available. (An amusing account of the meeting at Oro is published in Thompson and West, *History of Placer County*, 1882, p. 93.)

for Mr. Naglee.¹⁰ Some of the stakes are lost and it is impossible to determine where they were, since the work was done so badly. The lots were run out by a Mr. Hutton for 500 acre lots, and the largest will not exceed 400 acres. Some say he was drunk at the time and paid by the lot. Where we can find all four corners there is not much trouble in the survey, but unless all can be found it can't be surveyed correctly. . . .

Wednesday, 11th Dec. . . . Saw some ten days since a Mr. Strawbridge from Galena, Ill. He is living all alone on some fine land and on the edge of a beautiful grove. Says he has been looking some time for a place and climate to suit him and now that he has found one his wife is not willing to join him; says she had rather live on two meals a day than leave her mother, but he thinks she will come if he says must, but that he never did and does not want to do. Tis a hard case, and I know not what I should do—probably give right up to the woman, just like I always did and does. Many think this country will be good for farmers a number of years if not always, and I think so too (sometimes) only I am not quite so sanguine as most of them. I put the prices down to one-half and less when I make any calculations for a fortune, and can then figure up quite a pile. *Hope* to make next season (to end about this time) 4 to 5 thousand. This year I can not yet tell how I have done; it will depend somewhat upon the rise or fall of Vallejo lots, if the Capital is removed there the land may be worth something—but if not, scarcely anything.¹¹ So you see upon what a slim foundation my fortune is laid, but never mind if I do pretty well I am going home in one year from next spring, and ditto if poorly, but I shall be real mad if I fail, so fare thee well . . .

¹⁰ Henry M. Naglee graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1835 and was at once breveted Second Lieutenant in the Fifth Infantry. Later he engaged in civil engineering, but enlisted at the outbreak of the Mexican War and was commissioned Captain of the First New York Volunteers (the Stevenson Regiment) and sailed for California. After a tour of active service in Lower California he obtained his discharge, and from 1849 to 1861 was engaged in banking in San Francisco, with large interests in and about San José. In the Civil War he attained the rank of Brigadier General and was wounded at the Battle of Fair Oaks. After the war he returned to California and engaged in horticulture and wine production on his San José estate. About this time a young woman who claimed to have been jilted by the General published a book of his letters entitled "The Love Life of Brigadier General Naglee," a volume now much sought by curious collectors.

¹¹ The first Legislature adjourned without determining the question of the permanent seat of government. Several towns made bids for the capital, but General Vallejo's offer was considered to be the best, and the people voted to accept his proposition. When the second Legislature met at that point, however, they found the accommodations poor and the town otherwise very dull, and therefore adjourned to San José, which was still the legal capital in the absence of legislation changing its site. On February 4, 1851, a bill was passed making Vallejo the capital, and the third Legislature convened there in 1852, but shortly removed to Sacramento. Later in the year the archives were moved back to Vallejo; but the fourth Legislature met in Benicia early in 1853, and passed legislation making that place the "permanent seat of government." The fifth Legislature met there in 1854, but on February 25 of that year removed the seat of government to Sacramento, which has since remained the capital, though many attempts have been made to remove it to other points. (Bancroft, *History of California*, Vol. VI, pp. 321-25.)

[JAMES CARR "TO ALL HANDS"]

Log Cabin on Woods Creek,
One Mile North from *Sonora*,
Feb. 8th, 1852.

... For the last fortnight I have been with Uncle E. and Len Fitz at Vine Spring Garden, 5 miles north easterly from this place.¹² Have made for them a harrow, a roller [?] 2 gates, sowed 7 acres barley and am now (or shall be tomorrow) at work on a hot bed, frame and sash, 4½ by 37 feet, and shall probably have one or two more gates to make and perhaps a floor to lay. My work thus far has given Uncle E. pretty good satisfaction, although I have had to work to great disadvantage, on account of not having proper tools and having to hew out most of the lumber from hard wood. . . . about two days in each week Edward goes to town, or rather two towns, Columbia, 1½ mile southerly from his place, and Sonora, six miles southwesterly. He still has turnips, potatoes and cabbage, which he sells from 10 to 12 cents pr pound. He does not expect such prices another year, but will raise much more, and also 20 or 30 acres of barley. He has been some troubled by squatters but has succeeded in having them ejected and one of them out of spite has commenced with a party of men digging for gold in his garden, but he thinks they will not work long as the dust there is scarce. He and Len tried mining there before they purchased with the consent of the owner. It is rather annoying and it will be some injury to them as they will have to fill again the holes they dig. Mr. Forster (my partner) during my absence has been living here alone and working in company with 3 others, James Jarvis of Surry one of them, and has averaged a trifle over 5\$ pr day. This week worked only 5 days and got 34\$. The last day we worked in the Mississippi claim we got only 2¼ each, and the old share holders, Jerry and West, concluded they would not work any longer until they could go into the claim. Mining at present is very dull and there are many here looking for work. It is thought claims will be higher next summer and if we wish may have an opportunity of selling to advantage. I had a letter today from Mr. Taylor, who is on the place we left at San Jose, saying he would like much to have us come down the first of June and help him harvest, but we shall not know what is best to be done until that time comes. Taylor I like very much and was well pleased with his letter. He wants very much to go home to Indiana for his family (wife and child) but like most of us has not the dimes to spare.

¹² Vine Spring Garden was in a fertile valley one and a half miles north-east of Columbia on the road to the marble quarry and Parrott's Ferry. Several large springs (one running forty and another twenty miners' inches per minute) produced ample water for irrigation, while a couple of rich placer gulches gave opportunity for profitable mining operations during the dull season for vegetables. Later (in the nineties) the water of these springs was dropped over the neighboring, nearly-sheer mountainside to the Stanislaus to produce electric energy for the towns of Columbia and Sonora — one of California's earliest electric projects. When the boom was on at Bodie, fresh vegetables and fruits and a famous brand of brandy were hauled across the Sierra to the mining camp on the desert. The Jarvis Ranch of some 780 acres has for many years been owned by William Grant, an attorney of San Francisco, whose parents came to Tuolumne County in 1850.

Our weather has been very fine, only 2 or 3 rainy days and some nights since I have been here, and thus far it has been a better winter for farmers than last. I have not yet seen John Wilson, who I hear is at Carson,¹³ 6 miles from Vine Spring Garden, keeping store. Uncle E. heard by way of Mrs. Wood some time since that Frank Hodges was at Rough & Ready in the northern mining region. More men from Surry arrived at Sonora today and brought many letters for us. . . .

Vine Spring Garden, Monday evening, Feb. 9.

I am now seated at the table, with Uncle E., Len Fitz, Edward, Charles and Mr. Holt from Bluehill, their hired man, all writing sweethearts, wives and friends. I left Mr. Forster this morning quite lame with a boil on his foot, which I fear will prevent his working for some days. Walked up here after an early breakfast and have been at work all day on the sash for the hot bed. It is slow work and a good deal of it, as I have to split all the pieces out with a saw 1 inch wide and make the groove with a gage and jackknife. Tomorrow I shall probably sow 4 or 5 acres of barley; Edward will go to town (Sonora) and I hope and think he will bring me a letter or two. . . . How much I would like to be with you with a decent little pile and commence on my plantation. How long do you suppose that gal or woman will be willing to wait, provided I am making money, and how long without the money? Sonora is generally full of miners on Sunday, that being the day on which most of them get their provisions, but it is much more quiet and peaceable than I expected to find it, not half the people go armed with revolvers and knives, and I do not often hear of any "horrid accidents." . . .

Doctor I do not see many rare bugs here, but rats are awful and I often tremble and think of Bishop Hatter when sleeping in our log cabin.

[JAMES CARR TO HIS SISTER SARAH, MRS. WILLIAM LE BARON, OF GENEVA,
ILLINOIS]

Vine Spring Garden, Saturday evening,
April 3^d, 1852.

I think it is your turn now to have a California letter, so I will try what I can do for your amusement and edification. It has been very provoking to me for the last three months since I left San Jose to have to wait so long for my letters after the arrival of the mail steamer. Sometimes I do not get them until a fortnight after Uncle E and the boys receive theirs; but soon they will come

¹³ Carson Hill, across the Stanislaus River to the north from Tuolumne County, was called by Professor Whitney "the classic mining ground of California." It was five miles southwest of Angels Camp and stood on an eminence more than a thousand feet above the river. The celebrated Morgan claim at Carson Hill was of incredible richness, and some \$4,000,000 is said to have been taken from the locality between 1850 and 1858. (Cronise, T. F., *The Natural Wealth of California*, 1868, p. 264.) Alfred Morgan and seven companions took possession in October, 1850, and claimed 1000 feet along the ledge. Some nine months later a large number of armed squatters entered upon the claim and ejected Morgan's company. Morgan appealed to the authorities, and the bitter but bloodless "Morgan war" ensued. (Bancroft, H. H., *California Inter Pocula*, pp. 237-40.)

directly to Sonora, so my trouble on that score will have a joyful ending. Tomorrow I shall go to town and expect a little to find my little Fan's pretty bright face and a number of letters. . . .

As you ought not now expect much I will begin by speaking of the weather which for the last fortnight has been rather changeable. Two weeks since it was quite warm, as warm as any day I have seen in California, and I was obliged to draw my drawers in order to work with comfort (had the same kind of weather about the same time last year). Well this heat lasted three days when it began to cool off and by Saturday I began to feel like drawing my drawers on again, and on Sunday morning did that very thing, on seeing the hills white with snow, and this week has been with the exception of two rainy days cool and warm and pleasant enough. 'Tis now time for the dry season to commence, but we shall probably have considerable more rain.

Miners are doing about as usual, some making wages 5\$ pr day, some from $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce to an ounce, and now and then a big lump is found. A few days since at Biaceta,¹⁴ six miles northerly from this place, a lucky man found a lump of solid gold, of 27 lbs. in an old hole dug and abandoned by one unfortunate hombre; one of the Surry boys bought out by Uncle E. (Chas. Wood) some 3 or 4 months since, picked up a small piece of seventy odd dollars on Shaws flat near Sonora, and at and near Sonora a pound or two is found occasionally. Well, who knows but I may stumble on to one of these plugs and be off for Illinois very sudden. In the claim joining ours on Woods Creek a piece worth 1200\$ was found last summer. Wages are from 3 to 5\$, some eat themselves, others are eaten. Mr. Forster continues to work in our claim near Camp Seco,¹⁵ twelve miles from this, and we generally meet half way (at Sonora) every Sunday. In about a month I hope we shall both be working in our claims at Woods Creek and living in our log palace, which is now in possession of the rats.

Monday evening, 5th April: Was in town yesterday (L. Fitz and I generally walk in together, they have no horses and mules, only oxen) but no news for me. The mail had not arrived—expected today. Ed will go to market on Wednesday and I will send for some by him. Neither did I see Mr. F. He remained I suppose to write his letters. With this I shall send a draft on Boston for 100\$ in favor of Leo, which is for Mother, you and Sue, and you must divide it to suit yourselves if you can, if not Leo or William will do it for you. I wish,

¹⁴ "Biaceta" was young Carr's phonetic spelling of Vallecito (pronounced Vah-ye-seé-to), well-known early mining town across the gorge of the Stanislaus to the north from the Sonora region. It still exists as a small community near Murphy's Camp.

¹⁵ Campo Seco was a flourishing camp between Woods and Sullivan's creeks about a mile south of Jamestown. It boasted one of the earliest theaters of Tuolumne County, which was erected by Richardson and Imbrie in 1852 with board sides and canvas cover, and contained a famous bar. The Chapman family played its initial engagement and held forth at Campo Seco for a considerable period, meeting with a tremendous success. Here also was located one of the earliest water ditches of the southern diggings, bringing an "eight or ten tom stream" from Wood's Creek, and known as the "Seco Company's Race." Later the Hydraulic Ditch Company, the Campo Seco Ditch Company and Johnson & Carey brought abundant water to this locality, and one of the earliest experiments with the long flume sluice box was here performed, an immense amount of dirt being washed by long lines of men on either side of the sluice. (*History of Tuolumne County*, 1882, pp. 96, 126-27.)

however, that with part of it you would have all your faces taken, and Mother must have two and send one to Betty. I will also send in this or some other seeds of a very pretty shrub with a pink blossom, wood resembling the beach and height 6 to 8 ft.; it is in blossom here all this time; will grow on dry and probably moist land.¹⁶ The meanest thing we have here is poison [oak] and we can not avoid it; have all been troubled more or less with it. . .

[JAMES CARR TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTER SUSAN]

Woods Creek, Oct. 9th, 1852.

. . . The weeks come round soon and fast with me, which is a proof you will think that I am well and pleasantly employed. Well perhaps I am. Our weather is now very fine and our work not so hard and nasty and dangerous as in the first of the season, and our dividends as good. Tonight we divided 67\$ to a share; that is calling the dust 16\$ to an ounce, but it is worth here and sells readily for 17.25, and by sending it to San F. and having it coined it will net from 17.70 to 18\$ pr ounce. Well calling it 17.25 it will amount to 72\$, which is 12\$ pr day, but we dont *average this every week*. Some weeks only wages or 5\$ pr day. Claims which will now average better than this are not easily found in this neighborhood—there have been men digging and looking for rich diggings all summer and not found a thing (to pay), while others have sunk a few holes and struck a rich lead and made their piles in a few weeks. The claim above and joining ours has been worked all summer and has run the Company in debt 1500\$. So you see there are a few failures among the miners. I fear I shall have to do as William thinks I ought to, "hire a hand to help me write," for I have told the same old stories over so many times that I begin to think there is no truth or good in them. I do not take any interest in politics. There has been much excitement here and many meetings and great speeches; tonight they are firing guns and making a great fuss among the "unterrified democracy," but I would hardly give two bits for a choice of Presidents and Len Fitz cares not much more than I do. Money is what we all want and came for, and when we get it and return will then perhaps look out for our country and see that she is not ruined.

Sunday afternoon, 10th Oct. Have just returned from town where I found a long crowd at the P. O. and after waiting and squeezing some time succeeded in getting two more letters from you and Sue mailed the 26th Aug. and 1st Sept. I do not think many, if any, of your letters are lost, and I am generally particular in acknowledging the receipt of all I get. I am very glad if my letters are *so charming* and afford you such a great amount of pleasure, and as long as you think so much of them you shall continue to receive all I can spare from my small stock. You ask what I have been reading. Frank Farleigh (very good) Windser Castle, Harry Lorrequer, and some other works and newspapers; tried while in town to get "Uncle Tom's Cabin" but it is not to be had here or in

¹⁶ Probably *cercis occidentalis*, commonly known as "red bud."

San Francisco.¹⁷ Will have it soon as I can. There are two or three book stores in town where we can always get all the light reading we want, and heavy works dont set well after mining all day, want something enlivening like a woman. L. Fitz and I have been living alone the last week. J. Jarvis has gone to San Diego, about 300 [?] miles distant. Mr. Forster I expect soon; he wants to return very much and we shall try to work together this winter. He wants to go home next spring and so does I, but tis a case of "quien sabe." If we can get out a small bunch and sell our claims at cost or more, may go, and if our claim on the river proves good and is paying well in the spring perhaps it may be the wisest course to stay and work the summer out. . . .

Uncle E. is well as usual. Comes down here occasionally. I dont go there often cause I cant only Sundays and that day a miner needs rest. Ed. is still with him; Chas. is mining on Sullivan's Creek near Sonora.¹⁸ Frank has gone to Sacramento and is fishing and doing other business (clerking I suppose) at the rate of fifty pr month. Uncle E. has been offered 6000\$ for his garden and ranch, but L. thinks tis worth more money and I do not know as they will sell. I *should*. . . .

Tuesday Noon, Oct. 12. . . . L. [Fitz] has lately been in the neighborhood of where Jefferson Whiting has been mining (at San Ontoine)¹⁹ but did not see him. *Heard* that he made 40,000 *before* he went home, which L. thinks must be a great mistake. . . .

Mr. Dodson's brother I believe is here somewhere. I heard last winter that he was at or near Downieville in the northern mines. Must now vamoise to the windlass and hoist up dirt to wash. Most of my work is now at the windlass, and wheeling from the windlass to the Tom, one of the best places in the claim I think. Working the Tom is sometimes hard and sometimes quite easy. Have two, and part of the time, three men at it. Mr. Lincoln, our manager, is in the hole all the time and has a man "Bill" with him. He keeps everything in good order and there is not near as much danger as in the first of the season. To give you an idea how our claim pays I will give you the amount got out each day last week, calling the dust 16\$ per ounce. Monday 56\$, Tuesday 196\$, Wednesday, 18½, Thursday 90, Friday 220, and Saturday none, cause we did not wash. Had to strip more windlass and tailings, mend wheelbarrows, &c. . . .

[JAMES CARR TO HIS SISTER SARAH]

Woods Creek, Sunday 24th Oct., 1852.

. . . Tis thought at San Jose, so Mr. F. writes, that we are to have a rainy winter, but there is nothing like it here. I am not very particular about it, for

¹⁷ *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was first published by Jewett & Co. in Boston, 1852.

¹⁸ Sullivan's Creek, a branch of Wood's Creek, lies to the south of Sonora, and rich diggings were located along its banks. From its short seasonal run-off a number of ditches carried water for brief clean-ups at many neighboring flats and gulches.

¹⁹ The name "Antoine" is shown on Trask's "Map of the Mineral Districts of California, 1853," on "San Anton Creek," in Calaveras County. Baker's "Map of the Mining Region of California," 1855, calls it "San Antonio," and it is thus more generally known.

if the rain drives us out of our claim here I can go to the Tuolomne and work in the claim there. They are now waiting for the river to rise in order to work the wheel to raise the water to wash the dirt to get out the gold to send to our friends, or fill our empty purses. On some accounts I had rather remain here, being a good neighborhood, near the Post Office and having a comfortable house to live in. Len Fitz and I have just been fixing up the house for winter, have new laid the shakes on the roof, chincked up and mudded up the cracks, built a new chimney and toped it out with a flour barrel, and shall finish off with a cotton fly over the roof (which is hardly water proof) then we can set, lay or stand and *let* it rain.

Wednesday, Oct. 27th. Saw at Sonora on Sunday Edward and Charles, both well. The former is yet with Uncle E. on the ranch and is the same good natured fellow as ever, and keeps a very pretty horse. Chas. is mining on Sullivan's Creek near Sonora and doing very well, say about an ounce pr day, but that has been for only 2 or 3 weeks and there is no certainty of its continuance, so it will not be safe to multiply his day's work by 300 and make him a pile at the end of a year. Such a calculation wont always do here any better than some of the farming estimates *out West*. Sonora looks much better now than it did before the fire,²⁰ the buildings are better and larger, and not so many miserable tents and cloth houses; but as the young man said of New York, "It can never be much of a place tis so far from *Chicago*."

I highly approve of your plan of having a choice lot of handsome wealthy and accomplished ladies at your house when some body returns, a wiser or more charitable undertaking could not be thought of, and I will do all I can (conveniently) to assist you in scaring them up. How many can you accommodate of a medium size and quiet disposition? Would you object much to having a widow or two with 2 or 3 quiet children? . . .

As bedtime is close at hand and the pleasing task of getting breakfast by candle light will oblige me to hurry up my cakes, must now leave you. . . .

[JAMES CARR TO HIS MOTHER]

Woods Creek (near Sonora) April 29th, 1853.

. . . The ground is quite white with snow, but it will all be off tomorrow and I hope this will be our last storm, although we had snow later than this last season. Some of the claim holders on the creek have been waiting for dry settled weather before they open their deep holes. The Fort Washington next below the Mississippi lost one week's work of 9 men by having the water break over their dam, and we have received some trifling injury in the same way. . . .

. . . Mr. Wm. E. Taylor is still with us (L. & I); he boards out at Mr.

²⁰ The "Great Fire of 1852" started in a Sonora hostelry known as the "Hotel de France" at one o'clock in the night of June 18 of that year. It spread rapidly northward along Washington Street, consuming practically every building to the head of the street, where now stands the Episcopal Church, and then north to the Barnum House. While but one life is known to have been lost, only a few scattered dwellings were saved, the monetary loss running to three quarters of a million dollars. (*History of Tuolumne County*, 1882, p. 86.)

Wickoff's. I left there two weeks since and L. and I now eat ourselves but tis not quite so pleasant, only that it saves some few dimes. We have a milk wagon at our door every day at noon and he leaves us a quart of very good milk for two bits (25 cts.) We also have a bread and pie man and a beef man, but them we care not much about. We can make good bread, both flour and Indian, and good ham which is now only 33 cts. is much better for me than the beef. Mr. Taylor says he must go home to Indiana this summer and we have talked considerable of going together, but he is doing very well in his claim and I suppose will not want to leave until he can sell or work it out, and tis doubtful if I can go conveniently before fall and even then a "good prospect" might keep me until spring. L. & I have had some talk about another claim on the River Tuolumne at Don Pedro's,²¹ 6 or 7 miles below Hawkins Bar.²² Wm. Hooke and Mr. Palmer, his brother-in-law, own there. They built a dam last season but were so late with it that they only got *one* day's work before the freshet drove them out, yet that one day gave 27 men 3500\$. The dam has remained good through the last severe winter and they expect this year to get to work by the first July. Shares are valued at 1000\$ but we heard of one of the shareholders who had the homeward bound fever and that he would probably sell for 600. He lives at Shaws Flat a mile from this, but we have not been able to see him yet. So I can not tell you any more sartain. At present it is doubtful whether we buy it or not.

Monday evening, May 9th. . . . *We have bought that share*, which from many accounts is a good one. We have let out the flooming, &c. so that we shall have nothing to do (only pay 400\$ more pr share) until the water is low enough to be carried in the floom which will not be (probably) before Aug. or Sept.

²¹ Don Pedro's Bar was the most westerly (*i.e.* the lowest) of the many rich placer diggings on the Tuolumne. The gold-bearing gravels were here of great extent, and for a few brief years the bar boasted a town of considerable size and importance, with all the "fixins"—stores, saloons, express office, gambling dens and a "banking house." In 1931 Mr. Charles Champney, of Quartz Hill, Tuolumne County, related how one Isaac Shilling told him (many years ago) of its rise and fall. Shilling, it appears, lived near "Cat-Town," and (we quote from Mr. George Ezra Dane's notes of Champney's remarks) he "used to tell about when he was goin' to Stockton in 'fifty-six, and passed through Don Pedro's Bar. The six-horse stage got in there at one o'clock in the morning and everything was wide open an' lit up just as bright as day. The saloons an' dance halls an' gamblin' houses was all a-goin'. An' then he said, when he passed there just six years afterwards, there was just one or two old houses, an' a few ol' chimneys standin' there, an' that's all there was left of Don Pedro's Bar. That place rose an' fell the farthest of any town in the State of California. Yes, sir, it was up today and down tomorrow."

The site of Don Pedro's Bar is now covered with many feet of water impounded behind the great Don Pedro Reservoir of the Turlock and Modesto Irrigation Districts. Thus, of all the rich placers of the Tuolumne, Don Pedro's alone seems destined to have its name perpetuated.

²² Hawkins Bar, on the Tuolumne River below Jacksonville, was first settled in April, 1849, and derived its name from one Hawkins whose tent store was the first mercantile establishment of the place. The population grew rapidly, and an immense canal to drain the river was commenced, but a sudden rise of water in the summer of 1850 drove the miners out. One hundred and thirteen men, known as the "Hawkins' Bar Company," persisted in trying to turn the river, but abandoned their efforts after two years of failure. (*History of Tuolumne County*, 1882, p. 52.) Prentice Mulford wrote of Hawkins Bar in his entertaining book, *Prentice Mulford's Story*; and in a long letter to the compiler of the *History of Tuolumne County* he spoke, among other things, of the "Hawkins' Bar Library," which contained a large number of books "purchased by the 'Boys' in San Francisco," and of which one Morgan Davis was "for years the custodian."

Then *if* we can have a smart chance for a month or two at the bed of the River, will get our money back and some better. Hawkins Bar is rather backward in disgorging, but we still have hopes. In the claim below, out of two shovels full of dirt they got 800\$. . . .

[JAMES CARR TO HIS SISTER, MRS. WILLIAM LE BARON]

Log Cabin, Woods Creek, May 20, 1853.

On Sunday next, the 22d, I think of going to Hawkins Bar, and pass the summer, and as it is an out of the way place you must not feel alarmed or surprised at not hearing from me as often as usual. I was there Monday for the first time and found it rather better than I expected, that is the location. Our claim is a big one and rather hard to work, it being so deep or far to the bottom or ledge where most of the gold is; it is in some parts 40 feet deep. Some of the dirt at the upper end of the claim will pay wages at the top, and much better at the bottom, but there is a streak in or near the middle that is between the top and bottom dirt which will not pay at all, which has been one great drawback to big dividends. Another failure was in cutting a deep race near the lower end of the claim where the dirt does not pay only on the ledge. Another unlucky piece of business was losing our wheel and having to cut a ditch to get water to wash. All these together have made our claims rather expensive, costing nearly 800 pr share or for 1/12, but now they, I and we think we are in a fair way to mend our ways and in fact are on a road to fortune *or* where a fortune was once (in 50 or 51) taken out, and we don't believe they got it all. If we can believe all or half the stories of those who have worked on and near the claim, some men have made big strikes;—and it will be hard if we cant get our share. I must try it a while at any rate, and if we do come to something good, with a fair prospect for better, why then I will feel safe in holding on. There is *work* enough for five years, but that I can get at home—tis *pay* I want, *constant* employment is not so desirable. There are now at and near the Bar about a dozen tents and cloth houses, two stores and boarding houses, so that there is company enough, plenty to eat, drink and wear, but no Post Office very near. That is the greatest objection I have to going there, but you must send to Sonora and I will manage to get them; tis only 15 or 20 miles and Mr. West sometimes comes and returns the same day, but *I* cant. Travelling dont suit me: had rather work two days than walk one. Our rain hangs on late this season; it has been raining all day and part of last night. Have had much more rain since first of April than any previous year. Hope it will be late in coming back next fall or winter and give us a fair chance at Don Pedro's Bar.

. . . Edward and Charles are on Sullivan's Creek, two miles below Sonora, mining with the "rough & ready company"; they will not go home this summer (I think). I have no late news of any of the Wilsons, John Cushing or Frank Hodges; they dont belong in these diggings. Why did not you tell us who Susan C. and Miss E. W. were engaged to? I wish them both the best of

husbands and much happiness. Well it does make me feel sort of bad to hear of so many rich prizes being lost and found—but still I have hopes that some of the widows may be left—them's the sort! don't you believe it? I have now to leave you, and if I have time tomorrow or before I leave for the river, will tell you if I can of the receipt of some letters. Until then, adios.

Sunday, May 22nd: No mail yet. Shall, if I don't get a job here, go to Hawkins Bar tomorrow. Mr. Taylor is sick again with chill fever. Send with this a draft to Leo for 200\$. Tell him to do the best he can with it, & let Mother and Susan have some for pocket money and sugar plumbs. Our weather is fine today and I now think the rains are over until fall. Heard today of the Wilsons (Jo and John I suppose) at Carson's. Mr. Tregloan, who bought into our Mule Power claim, has been there and knows them. Said they were mining, but he did not think they were doing anything very big. Said one of them (probably John) went down to San F. to go home, but didn't and returned and that's all. . . .

[JAMES CARR TO HIS SISTER, MRS. WILLIAM LE BARON]

Hawkins Bar, Aug. 7th, 1853.

If I am not much mistaken you have been looking for a letter sometime from California, and now you shall have a poor short one if no more. I feel real lazy about writing, on account chiefly of dull business, hard work and poor pay. This claim is doing nothing yet, only a little more than board and there is no *certainty* of a change for the better, but we still have strong hopes and better expectations. We are now thinking of starting some one or two "coyote holes" or drifts on the ledge where the rich dirt is always found. We all have faith to believe that *there* is plenty of gold in the claim for us all, but the grand difficulty has been to get at it. There has been a *heap* of *work* done and but little benefit derived from it. If I only had the whole claim at home I could make money out of it for ten years to come, but paying 4 and 5\$ pr day for labour takes off the profit.

The river is falling fast and probably in a week or two our wheel will not raise water enough for us; then we must carry our dirt to the river to wash, or go to work in our river claim. By the first or middle of next month we ought to be able to get something at Don Pedro's. Our claim there has a good name and *may* make up our loss in this. The boards and timber for flooming 1600 feet is "being" got by contract, as I have mentioned before, they the contractors get 11000\$ for flooming 1600 feet in length, 16 ft. wide, 4 high, and are to have everything ready for the stock-holders to go to work as soon as the water is low enough.

. . . Mr. Taylor wrote from San Francisco that Chas. had arrived. Hope he will come here but dont expect him much. I think T. said he was to have something to do with the Coast Survey. Have you heard of the big Tree (red wood) found near Murphey's about 20 miles from Sonora? Supposing you

haven't I will merely say that tis a fact that there is such a tree 30 feet in diameter, bark 1 foot thick, and that a pair of wheels sawed or cut from it will be, or have been, sent to the world's fair.²³ Our Senator (Gwin) went to see it when here a few weeks since.

. . . Saturday eve, Aug. 13th. My claim here is no go yet, but next week we hope to strike something besides hard blows and big rocks. If mining dont pay up soon I shall be apt to try something else. . . .

I don't like sending letter without paying the postage, but cant get any stamps and tis troublesome to send money.

[JAMES CARR TO HIS BROTHER, CAPTAIN LEONARD J. CARR]

Log Cabin Woods Creek, 9th Sept. 1853.

. . . I hope you have done a better business this summer than I have done; if not I am sorry for you. My claim at Hawkins Bar has been only a bill of expense, costing me over 800\$, besides three months time, and I do not suppose I could sell it now for anything. Could buy 2 or more shares at 150 pr share. Well! so let it be. We may be able to sell or do something with it in the winter. I cant help believing there is plenty of dust in the claim. Tomorrow I shall leave for Don Pedro's Bar, seven miles below Hawkins, where I hope my luck (or bad management some might call it) may change. The flooding is about completed and in a week we expect to be into the oro, and if it will only pay for one month as well as it did last year I will be satisfied, and 2 months as good would start me home in the spring. But tis all a lottery, and time will tell the story. If I could only see through a mill stone or 20 feet of solid dirt I would have a big pile in short order. We have just had an exciting election in this State. This county has gone Democratic, and I think the State will be so.²⁴

Uncle E. now runs two wagons daily with vegetables, which he sells very well, melons 5 cts. pr lb., corn 50 cts. pr dozen, and other things as high; he refused to sell potatoes after they were less than 8 cts.; eggs 2\$ pr doz. Well, with all these big prices there are some great drawbacks to a fortune, one for instance is four and five men all the time at 70 and 80\$ pr month; then the board will cost him from 12 to 16 pr month. But he ought to make a good thing of it. I hope he will. . . .

²³ The effective discovery of the Calaveras Grove of *Sequoia gigantea* was made in the spring of 1852 by A. T. Dowd of Murphy's Camp, although there is good evidence that it was seen by more than one party of white men before that date. In 1853 one of the largest trees was felled by boring with augers, and the stump was made into a dancing platform. A "drum" was later cut from the prostrate tree some thirty feet from the former ground level, and measured fifteen feet two inches in diameter. This drum was broken into a number of fragments for transportation, and was exhibited in various parts of the eastern States. A large section of bark from another tree was taken to England, and was there destroyed by fire in the Crystal Palace.

²⁴ The election of Sept. 7, 1853, was a complete victory for the Democrats, their entire ticket being elected. John Bigler became Governor; Samuel Purdy, Lieutenant-Governor; J. W. Denver, Secretary of State; Samuel Bell, Controller; S. A. McMeans, Treasurer; J. R. McConnell, Attorney-General; S. H. Marlette, Surveyor-General; P. K. Hubbs, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and W. C. Kibbe, Quartermaster-General.

[JAMES CARR TO HIS MOTHER]

Hawkins Bar, Dec. 24th, 1853.

. . . I am as sorry as any of you can be that you will not see me this winter but it can not be helped. I have been here two weeks and 4 days, and am at work with some of our Company in our old claim. Have to buy water from the Indian Bar Co., as there has not yet been rain enough to fill our ditch. Pay 3\$ pr day for one sluice stream. We are making now about wages, and I think our claims will sell for something before spring, but I have no expectation of getting my money back; to get half the cost would please me *tremendously*. Our weather continues dry and cool; have a frost most every night, and blankets are in great demand. I think we shall have a dry winter and more rain in the spring. It is rather a dull time for miners. Mr. West and two others of our Co. here have gone to Mariposa County in hopes to find better diggings, and I hope they will not be disappointed for Mr. W. particularly has had a hard time with his *three* claims on this bar. Len Fitz continues to own and work in the Mississippi claim which continues to pay very well. They have taken out clear of all expenses since last Feby. about 1800\$ to a share. Tell Sarah I am much obliged for the papers she sent me, but I could not find the last. We can get at the book stores and express offices in Sonora papers from all parts, and the quantity of novels even on this bar is wonderful. Bulwer's last "My Novel" is here but I have not read it, as the first part was lent. There is also a pretty little edition of Robinson Crusoe which I should like to send Willie. It cost here \$1.25, well bound, but I will send him the money sometime and he can get it there. You have *of course book* stores at Geneva now you have a railroad.

Mr. Forster writes me occasionally. He is still at the Ranch near Bodega; calls his place "Bay Side." Says he has not made much this year and regrets that he did not go home in the spring. Some of his swine have died and been eaten and carried off by wild beasts. His cousin, Miss Rockwell from Aurora, is married to a Doct. Chamberlain. I have no news from Charles but heard somehow that he was up the Sacramento surveying.

My health I think I can say is dreadful good and appetite the same. Mr. Andrew Jackson Beardsley keeps a very good boarding house and *eats* us very well. I see tonight he is preparing some pies, so we will not suffer for a Christmas dinner. We have had this week some grizzley bear which was not equal to our young black bears of Maine. I sleep in a big cloth tent or house about 20 by 30 with Mr. Norris and Charley Teichen, a German. We have a large cook stove in it, which keeps us warm during the evening, but it (the house) becomes very coolish before morning. I have made a fine feather bed out of 6 yards of cotton and 16 lbs. of hay—all for 2\$, so that I can sleep 8 or 10 hours without hurting me one bit. . . .

[JAMES CARR TO HIS BROTHER, CAPTAIN LEONARD J. CARR]

Hawkins Bar, April 23, 1854.

. . . Mr. Norris was there (at Sonora) last Sunday and saw Leon Fitz busy with Mr. Street (merchant) so did not ask him for my letters but he brought me one for that other Jim Carr.

I shall not be able to leave as soon as I expected. Cannot sell claims and collect notes in a hurry without great loss, so must work away a few weeks longer and get some more money out of the claim, which has paid rather better the last two weeks, but our bills for lumber, water, &c. will reduce our dividend to about 4\$ pr day. That would do very well if we did not have to eat ourselves at the rate of 1.12½ pr day or 8\$ pr week. There is not much mining on the river at present. At this Bar there are three bank claims worked by about 20 men and 2 or 3 men working along in spits up and down the river with cradles, but as soon as the river becomes low there will be a great many at work damming and flooming. In the dry diggings some few are doing well, while thousands no more than pay their board. Well this will be the case for some years to come, for there are no doubt (in my mind) plenty of good diggings which have not been touched. We hear occasionally of claims which were abandoned last year now paying well,—*gold is growing*. You farmers at the West have better prospects than we miners, for produce must be high if the war²⁵ continues, and I wish I were there to put in a crop.

Monday evening, 24th. I have just finished figuring out our dividends for 10½ days work, and after taking out 101\$ for lumber, water, &c. we have 41.75 pr share, only 25 cts. short of 4\$ pr day. There is something very remarkable about this claim that every dividend has come out just about so near wages, sometimes over. I hope and expect that this week we will do better, and if we do strike anything good on the ledge, I shall hate to part with so safe a bank. There was a report yesterday that they were only paying or offering 16.25 pr ounce for dust at Sonora; when I was there I sold some for 17.50. We do not like the news and cannot understand why tis so. The U. S. Mint is now in operation at San F.²⁶ and we know that our dust has coined in Phila. as high as 18½ and 19\$. If our new mint has caused this fall, I wish the d — I had it. I think it must be a combination of the buyers at Sonora to speculate on us poor diggers, but we wont sell at that price until we are obliged to. We have had some rain the last week, and probably about the last we shall have. The ground is drying up fast and our ditch water has failed so we buy a sluice stream at 3\$ per day. . . .

²⁵ The war referred to was that of the Crimea, which left its impress on California geography in Sebastopol, the Malakoff Mine, the Crimea House and numerous other place-names. The many French and English miners in the California diggings were justly excited, and all the local newspapers carried lengthy accounts of the progress of hostilities.

²⁶ The United States Mint, on Commercial Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, was opened for business on April 3, 1854. It had been needed for some years, but it was not until 1853 that active steps were taken towards its erection, and meanwhile several private coining establishments had flourished. The San Francisco Mint had a capacity of about \$100,000 daily. (*Annals of San Francisco*, pp. 525-26.)

DOUBLE SPRINGS

FIRST COUNTY SEAT OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

THE first foothills are around us. Starting out from Stockton we have passed the historic early day river placer camps of Comanche, Lancha Plana, Cam-po Seco, and Jenny Lind. The autumn grass is brown in the mild sun, while the verdure is clean and green from the recent first rains. A turn in the road shows us a small oasis of bloom and blossom, surrounding an old stone house of squared sandstone, built on rapidly rising ground, in 1860. Orange trees, oleanders, and ancient locusts shelter a sunny, smiling garden, a small island of beauty filled with flowering shrubs and fruit trees. Beyond, a few hundred feet, in a gently rising vale, tower two gigantic oaks in a small meadow. On either side the gently rolling hills are covered with grass, where cattle are grazing, placid in the mellow sunshine. We are on historic ground, a silent well-preserved witness of the surging days of a glorious past. We are at the forks of the five roads; and we behold before us the site of the first county seat of the great mining county of Calaveras. We have arrived at "Double Springs"; and can still perceive a portion of the first erected courthouse.

Further up the gently rising vale, on either side, are the twin springs that gave it its name, so many years ago when the State was young; and still give it its fertility. Through the ancient pipe to the sunny stone tanks, by the oleander trees, the precious water unceasingly flows; and because of their existence this historic spot was located. For this is the site of the first law and order in the sparkling days of '49, and its history is a curious one.

Sometime either late in 1848 or early in 1849 one Charles L. Peck settled upon and preempted 160 acres of this land, of the then Alta California, a province of Mexico conquered by the United States. It never was a territory. Its status was ably defined by Chief Justice Taney of the United States Supreme Court; it was, until its admission as a State, a conquered province of Mexico. But here came Charles L. Peck who desired to preempt and settle upon unoccupied land; and though there was probably no right or legal process to do so, he announced his intention in a curious document which is the basis of the actual title:

The undersigned, a citizen of California during the past two and one-half years; requests the Alcalde of the District of San Francisco to record that he has entered upon and taken possession of *one hundred sixty acres of land*, situated at the forks of the Mecolomy, Stanislaus, Stockton, and Sutters Fort Roads, with the view of cultivating and holding the same as a *Pre-emption Right* under the Laws of the United States to be extended to California; that he has erected a dwelling for a family and placed a fence on the said land; planted ground and that he resides thereon; that before and at the present time, there is not to his knowledge, any title or claim to the said land, and that it is a *part of the Public Land of California*; that relying upon the just regards of the Congress of the United States towards its citizens who occupy to cultivate her lands bordering upon the frontier, in perfecting the title of emigrants in California under just conditions, he prays the civil authorities to protect him from trespassors, and certify this Record for his benefit and security.

Wittness
M. E. DENNY

CHAS. L. PECK.

The undersigned, a citizen of California during the
past two and a half years, requests the Alcalde
of the District of San Francisco to record that he
has entered upon and taken ^{possession} possession of
One hundred sixty acres of land, situated at
The forks of the McColony, Stanislaus, Stockton
and Sutter Fort roads, with the view of cultivating
and holding the same as a Presumptive Right
under the Laws of the United States to be extended
to California; that he has erected a dwelling
for a family and placed a fence on said land;
planted ground and that he resides thereon; that
before, and at the present time, there is not, to
his knowledge, any title or claim to the said
land, and that it is a part of the Public Lands
of California; that relying upon the just
regards of the Congress of the United States towards
its citizens, who occupy to cultivate her lands
bordering upon the frontier, in perfecting the titles
of Emigrants in California upon just conditions—he
prays the Civil authorities to protect him from
trespassers and certify this Record for his benefit
and security.

Chas L. Peck.

We do not think that this singular document can be duplicated. Peck makes this request for preemption to the Alcalde of San Francisco District; why should he choose San Francisco, 120 miles away? He takes up his pre-emption right under "the laws of the United States to be extended to California!" He knew that the laws of the United States were not then extended to California, and could not be until it was admitted to the Union, as it never was a territory. Its only laws were those of a Mexican province, still in force. And we do not think that there was in them a preemption right for American emigrants, "who occupied to cultivate her lands bordering upon the frontier." He relies upon the just regards of the Congress of the United States towards her citizens; but we know of no act in behalf of the citizens to preempt lands "bordering upon the frontier," and he was not in the United States. And lastly, and quite important, he did not even date his curious application. We know that this document was recorded in the preemption records of San Francisco, Book "B," 3rd Archives; but again no date. It was recorded in the archives of Calaveras County September 19, 1850; but that was long after Peck had deeded the property to others, on the 23rd day of July, 1849!

Such was the inception of the title to this historic spot. But whatever were its deficiencies, whatever might have been its absolute lack of foundation, it evidently was accepted as sufficient; for no other basic title exists.

However, Charles L. Peck did not long retain his heritage, so ingeniously and almost naïvely obtained. We have a suspicion that he obtained it only to sell. For the following document would certainly show its speedy transfer. Perhaps something lured him on. Their minds worked rapidly in those days, and their intentions and pursuits changed almost as speedily as the rising sun. It may have been a mine, a river to be dammed, an interest in a stage line, or even a ticket home. We have no idea how H. M. Guild came into the picture; nothing has been recorded; probably just one of those early day agreements, either verbal or otherwise, that stood the ever-moving '49ers in good stead. The document is dated July 23, 1849, and was recorded September 19, 1850.

Articles of Agreement entered into this 23d day of July, 1849, between H. M. Guild & Charles L. Peck of the first part, & Thos. B. Van Buren, A. S. Bates and John Dillon of the second part, all of Alta California,

The said Peck & Guild agree to sell & convey to the parties of the second part all their right, title & interest of in & to a certain place known as the Two Springs upon the road between Stockton & Moqualemas, together with all the appurtenances thereto appertaining, consisting of, tent & fixtures, &c and also 160 acres of land as claimed by Charles L. Peck according "to the Customs & Laws of this territory." Also all the goods which may be at the said place at the time of taking the inventory thereof. Also four yoke of oxen & the large waggon now owned by them, [immediately upon the signing of this contract.] (Crossed out in original.)

In consideration of the above the said parties of the second part agree to pay to the parties of the first part for their Tent, fixtures and land, the sum of two thousand Dollars—for the oxen & waggon the sum of two thousand Dollars, & for the goods in the tent at the time of the inventory the price of the same at Stockton together with fifteen dollars per hundred pounds for transportation from Stockton to the Springs.

Three thousand dollars to be paid in cash at the time of taking the inventory

which is to be done within 5 days of the signing of this contract & the remainder within two months thereafter.

Witness our hands

In the presence of
(The words "Charles L interlined & the
erasures at the end of 2d paragraph made
before execution)

JAMES MELVIN
S. H. ROBINSON

H. M. GUILD
CHARLES L. PECK
THOS. B. VAN BUREN
A. S. BATES
JOHN DILLON

It is noteworthy that none of the historic documents concerning this spot seem usual, but at least they give us an insight into the history of their times.

Peck and Guild sell first, "the certain place known as the Two Springs" (Double Springs) and all appurtenances comprising a tent and fixtures and 160 acres of land. It is easy to identify the 160 acres for it specifies that it was claimed by Charles L. Peck "according to the Customs & Laws of the territory." Second, the goods that were at the place; third, "four yoke of oxen and the large waggon." For the tent, fixtures and land, \$2000.00 was paid; for the oxen and wagon another \$2000.00. For the goods in the tent (it was evidently one of the numerous "tent" stores of '49) the inventory price plus \$15.00 per hundred pounds freight from Stockton, just thirty-three miles away, or \$300.00 per ton! Here are the remarkable figures of the cost of transport in '49. They were not unusual, quite the contrary; but they confirm with absolute evidence the many statements regarding them. And \$2000.00 for "four yoke of oxen and the large waggon" forcibly brings back to us the scarcity of transport and the urgent demand for same, to supply the fast increasing hordes of miners in the "foot-hills" in those hustling days of '49. A few days or weeks of labor often meant a small fortune to the gold seeker, who under no circumstances would leave his paying claim, and must have his provisions on the spot at no matter what cost.

In a recent small broadside issued by the Chamber of Commerce of Calaveras County, the first court house is depicted as a frame structure, still existing upon the grounds at Double Springs. But according to the testimony of the family who have occupied its precincts for three generations, since 1854, the frame structure was the second. The first court was held in a tent, situated about five hundred feet to the east of the house, between the two gigantic oaks that still stand, strong and virile, a little further up the draw toward the Double Springs. This testimony is corroborated by an ancient Californian, Marcelino Granada, who still lives, a patriarch among his people, at Valley Springs, three miles away.

But court held in a tent was not long-lived in that era of swirling progress.

In the latter part of '49 Calaveras was a banner mining county, and then included a great part of Amador County. Its dignity and justice demanded more fitting quarters than a tent, no matter how large, that could be swayed by the wintry winds, and drenched by the pouring rain. A more dignified structure must be secured at once; but how, whence, and where?

When the writer first visited Double Springs he saw the now remaining one-third of the court house, and it was strongly and openly stated that it came



All that is left of the First Court House of Calaveras County.
(Photograph by Ernest A. Wiltsee)

from China, and that part of it was camphor wood. That had always been the understanding of those who have so long lived there. From its peculiar construction this seemed true; but legends of the early days are sometimes legends, no matter how good the intentions. However, a careful inspection of the files of the *Placer Times* of Sacramento soon apparently cleared up the facts and amply confirmed the tradition of Chinese origin. In the *Placer Times* of Aug. 11, 1849, we find the following advertisement:

HOUSES!

Daily expected on the Schooner "Petrel" from Hong Kong, four wooden houses, 12 x 24 feet, 2 rooms each. Also window glass 4 couches 6 tables 1 chair 10000 lbs. rice 7500 sugar 3 cwt paint. Apply to

S. BRANNAN & Co.

Brannan was taking no chances; he advertised long before arrival, for from further advertisements it appears that the *Petrel* did not arrive until October.

From the statement of Mr. Josephus Gillam who arrived at Double Springs in 1858, and still lives there, the "first court house" was composed of three of these Chinese houses combined in one long structure. The dimensions exactly fit those given in the advertisement. The court was held in one end, the Recorder's office came next, and the other was used as living quarters by the County Judge and County Recorder. Its windows consisted only of the glass panels in the numerous doors. Of windows as such, it had none! Its easterly end commenced just where the orange tree now stands, near the stone water tank, and extended westerly well outside the present garden fence. It was 72 feet long and 12 feet wide. Its construction is too weird to have been fabricated by any nationality that knows houses as the Caucasian knows them. The curious arrangement of upright panels with no clapboarding; the lack of windows; the unusual framing clearly show the imitative Chinese, who was given dimensions and copied as closely as he could. The building has been moved from its original position, and now stands outside of the grounds, and has been reduced from 72 feet to 24, two of the houses having been taken away. It is now used as a storehouse and outbuilding.

We do not know the exact date when the tent, which was sold by Peck and Guild, on July 23, 1849, was used as a court house and then abandoned. Nor by what court; it might have been an early informal one. Nor do we know the exact date of the erection of the wooden court house nor exactly how long court was held in this historic edifice imported from Asia. But not long, as the records show. It was probably erected toward the end of 1849. The Calaveras Chamber of Commerce possesses a document recorded at Double Springs February 18, 1850. We do know that Hon. William Fowle Smith was County Judge, and that L. A. Collier was County Recorder.

But the glory of Double Springs as a county seat was transitory. The neighboring camp of Jackson (now in Amador County) increased in population by leaps and bounds, owing to the rich placers surrounding it; while Double Springs was three miles away from the nearest placer camp of "Petersburg," sometimes called "Greasertown," on the Calaveras River. It had owed its loca-

tion to the junction of the five roads and its never-failing springs. The pressure to move the county seat to the largest population, together with the fact that the rising camp of Mokelumne Hill was nearby, was, as usual in such cases, too strong to be resisted. Judge Smith was in favor of the move; Recorder Collier opposed it. As nearly as we can ascertain the Judge waited for no county election. Tradition has it that a wagon was moved up to the Double Springs court house in Recorder Collier's absence; the few records, etc. were piled in; it was "Ho! for Jackson," and the county seat was changed. Such were the bluff, untrammelled actions of the adventurers of '49 and the early '50's.

A careful search of the records shows that this removal to Jackson was not legal in any way. The first enactment by the Legislature establishing the County of Calaveras, February 18, 1850, stated, "The County Seat shall be at Pleasant Valley." We do not believe that it was ever established there, for on April 18, 1850, the Act was amended and after changing the boundaries of Calaveras County, it is stated: "The County Seat shall be at Double Springs." Nor was any other legal change made until the Act of April 16, 1852, which removed the county seat to Mokelumne Hill, where it remained until 1863. The transfer to, and use of Jackson as a county seat, was absolutely illegal.

Collier was a renowned shot. A long dispute followed over this stealing of the county seat by Jackson. One day he decided to argue it out with Judge Smith, but Smith was prepared; he knew his man and shot first and killed Collier. Judge Smith, however, disappeared at once from the picture and does not again appear on the records of Calaveras County. He was apparently not tried for the killing of Colonel Collier, as it was evidently known that Collier intended to kill him, but Collier was evidently popular and Smith consequently disappeared.

But, before departing this life Collier, and also Smith, executed two curious documents:

Know all men by these Presents that I, William Fowle Smith, of the County of Calaveras and State of California, in consideration of Five Hundred Dollars to me in hand paid by Boileau Shall & Company of said County, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, have bargained, sold, and quitclaimed unto the said Boileau Shall & Company all my right, title and interest in and to my undivided half part of the certain house now occupied by me and Lewis A. Collier, Esq., of said County, situated at the Double Springs in said County. Witness my hand and seal this fifth day of February, A.D. 1851.

WILLIAM FOWLE SMITH.

Know all men by these presents that I Louis A. Collier of the County of Calaveras and State of California in consideration of three hundred Dollars (\$300.00) to me in hand paid by Alexander Boileau and David A. Shall of said County and State, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, have bargained and sold and hereby do bargain and sell to the said Boileau and Shall all my right, title, and interest, forever, in and to my undivided half part of a certain house recently occupied by me and Judge Wm. F. Smith, situated at Double Springs in said County and to warrant to defend them in the peaceable possession of said house forever. And do also, and furthermore, release to the said Boileau and Shall for the consideration expressed above, all right, title, interest or claim, I may have in any way acquired to the ground upon which said house stands or any part thereof. In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand and seal at the Double Springs this twenty sixth day of August A.D. Eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

Witness:

H. M. GUILD.

L. A. COLLIER.

It is noticeable that Judge Smith sold his half interest in the court house for \$500.00 on February 18, 1851; and Collier his for \$300.00 August 26, 1851, after the county seat had been so informally moved to Jackson in July, 1851. How it happened that the Judge and Recorder had the right to dispose of the county property, we do not know. It may have been that in the first exhilaration over the newly formed county and their incumbency, they purchased the court house themselves, and therefore saved the county the expense, although if this be the case it will probably be the first one on record where the court house was contributed by the politicians. The tent court house may not have satisfied their dignified positions. But however it occurred we know that they sold the court house to Boileau and Shall in 1851, and that in 1854 the structure, and the 160 acres, came into the possession of Alexander R. Wheat, in whom and his descendants, it has since remained.

The exact date of the transition of the county seat from Double Springs to Jackson is unknown; the last recorded entry wherein Double Springs is mentioned is June 16, 1851 on page 65. Unfortunately, while many documents were recorded on the pages between 65 and 92, the recorders had a habit of not mentioning where they were filed. But on July 28, 1851, as we learn from a document framed by the Calaveras Chamber of Commerce, an election certificate was granted to Benjamin Marshall as sheriff, and dated "Jackson, July 28, 1851, by L. A. Collier, County Clerk." This, although the first entry in the book of records specifying Jackson was not until August 20, 1851, L. A. Collier still being County Clerk.

As to the date when Judge Smith killed Colonel Collier, we can only be certain that it was between September 11 and September 20, 1851. For L. A. Collier's last entry is of September 11 and thereafter nothing is recorded until September 21, when a strange handwriting appears, which we soon learn to be that of T. J. Hartley, who signed as County Clerk and Recorder October 10, 1851. Also on a bill of sale certified by Hartley at Jackson, October 10, 1851, he mentions L. A. Collier as the "late County Clerk."

The next page in this interesting history appears in the *Stockton Times*, June 29, 1850. Evidently Thos. B. Van Buren possessed great fertility of resource, and was one who lost no time! New towns were springing up everywhere; why should not Double Springs spring also? The advertisement explains:

A NEW TOWN!

The Double Springs, the County Seat of Calaveras. The undersigned has now in his office on the Levee, a map of this new and beautiful town, and is prepared to dispose of lots in the same upon the most reasonable terms. This town is situated at the junction of five different roads, about 40 miles from Stockton, and only a few miles from the richest portion of the Moquelumne River. It lies in a beautiful valley, and is watered by 6 or 8 never failing springs of the best water in California. The map can be seen at my office.

THOS. B. VAN BUREN.

As to Thomas B. Van Buren, he shortly became State Senator from San Joaquin County. He then married a rich widow and went east to live. He afterward returned, and was for years connected with the Occidental and Ori-

ental Steamship Lines, and died in San Francisco, a member of the Pacific Union Club, in 1889.

Charles L. Peck, the original preemptor, came with Stevenson's regiment in 1847, and died at Monterey in 1854.

But although the "New Town" never realized its lofty ambitions, and its glory as a county seat departed in 1851, Double Springs was not to be shorn entirely of an official capacity. Its importance is shown by the fact that it was one of the few post offices, fifty-nine in number, listed in the entire State on July 30, 1851. It was, however, discontinued in 1860, when the post office was moved to Valley Springs, three miles away.

Alexander R. Wheat, who purchased the property in 1854, was a young farmer from Iowa, who came to Calaveras County to try his fortunes early in 1859. An excellent shot, he first made money by ranging the hills and shooting the abundant game, which he sold to the liberal miners at good prices, and soon accumulated money. He never was attracted by the speculative fever of the mines. He entered mercantile pursuits, kept store, farmed, and maintained a hotel and stopping place at Double Springs, and at the "Hawkeye," further up the road toward Angels Camp. His hotel at Double Springs was celebrated for its attractive setting and its wholesome fare. It was the regular stage stop for dinner for the stages out of Stockton bound for San Andreas, Angels Camp, Murphy's, and the neighboring camps. The miners over on the river visited it for their mail, their Sunday dinners, and for recreation. Its large corrals were filled with their horses and its ample barns with hay for the traveling public, and the sturdy teamsters, with their huge six- and eight-horse teams. Its excellent table was celebrated throughout the countryside.

Mr. Wheat was always prominent in the affairs of Calaveras. He was County Surveyor from 1871 until 1877 and knew every foot of the county. Also, he was elected to the State Legislature as Assemblyman in 1877, and again in 1878; and served in the special session of 1884. He made an excellent record as a good and efficient Assemblyman. He lived to the ripe old age of 86 and passed away at Double Springs on July 9, 1901.

In 1853 Double Springs had a near adventure. Joaquin Murieta had mined for one year at San Antonio a few miles away, and was favorably known by all, before he made his ill-fated move to Sonora, and became the victim of the untoward events which drove him into his fatal career of banditry. One morning the inhabitants of Double Springs were warned that the celebrated outlaw was on his way to plunder the village. He appeared with his followers around the turn of the hill, but a quick survey showed him a group of sturdy "Hawkeyes" armed and ready for action. He turned and rode away toward Mariposa and his ultimate death, and not a shot was fired. And perchance, he recognized former friends and neighbors of his happier days, among those ready to receive him.

On the rise of ground across the highway, in front of the old stone mansion, under the shade of a great live oak, is a small cemetery, and there reposes

Alexander R. Wheat in the land he loved so well, and where his long and useful life was passed. And with him are a chosen few, admitted to the sacred precincts.

Under the sunny skies, in the beautiful foothill country, looking over toward the winding Calaveras on one side, and on the other the lovely old stone mansion with its beautiful garden all mellowed by age, they sleep well. And their rest is as peaceful as the present day Double Springs, once so teeming with all the excitement, bustle, and strife of mining life, even upon its pinnacle of county seat and dispenser of justice in the whirling days of '50 and '51, now so serene and placid in its sweet abandonment in its later years, since the fever, so long ago, passed on.

ERNEST A. WILTSEE.

THE SCHWEITZER COLLECTION OF CALIFORNIANA A NOTABLE GIFT TO THE SOCIETY

UNTIL stricken with the illness from which he eventually passed away, Melville Schweitzer was a frequent attendant at the luncheon meetings of this Society, of which his wife, Mrs. Lolita Heyneman Schweitzer, has been a member since February, 1925. For some years Mr. and Mrs. Schweitzer have been engaged in bringing together a collection of books, documents, letters and other material relating to early California in general, and to the Sonoma Valley in particular; for it was in the historic Granville P. Swift house on the General Persifor F. Smith estate in that valley that they made their home for a number of years. And there, in the midst of their charming old gardens, they entertained the members of the California Historical Society, in August, 1927, on a pilgrimage to the historic locality.

Mr. Schweitzer was born on September 7, 1875, attended the old South Cosmopolitan Grammar School and Lowell High School, entered the produce trade, and was engaged during his entire business career in the importing of meats from the Far East. He was connected with Schweitzer & Co. and later with F. E. Booth Co. Mr. and Mrs. Schweitzer, both of old San Francisco families, were married on July 7, 1908. He died on March 11, 1932, at San Francisco, to which city he had been taken after suffering a stroke at his Sonoma home. He was a member of the Argonaut and the Beresford clubs.

Waiting only for the opportunity to round it out along certain specialized lines, it was Mr. Schweitzer's hope at some time to present his collection of Californiana to this Society for the use of scholars and others who might find value and interest in its volumes and manuscript material. This was denied him, but his wife has carried out his wish by presenting the entire collection to the Society, in whose archives it will be known as the Melville Schweitzer Memorial Collection. Mrs. Schweitzer has also presented the Society with a finely designed bookplate to be used in connection with all items of this collection, as well as adequate shelves for the housing of the books and documentary material. From time to time she expects to acquire other items for the completion of the collection along certain lines.

The listing of every item of this notable gift would exceed the space here available, but a list of the books, and of the more important other material is appended. Acquisitions such as this are important in that they make the Society's collection more and more useful to scholars and research workers. The appreciation of the organization and its members for this generous gift has been expressed to Mrs. Schweitzer, and it is felt that she has chosen a fitting memorial to one who was imbued with a deep enthusiasm for the elder days.

CARL I. WHEAT.

THE MELVILLE SCHWEITZER MEMORIAL COLLECTION

Bound volumes: Alley, Bowen & Co. (publishers), *History of Sonoma County*; Atherton, *Splendid Idle Forties*; Ayers, *Gold and Sunshine*; Barry, *City of Domes*; Barry and Patten, *Men and Memories of San Francisco in the "Spring of '50"*; Bashford and Wagner, *A Man Unafraid . . . John Charles Frémont*; Bell, *On the Old West Coast*; Belle (trans.), *Life and Adventures of Joaquin Murrieta*; Bigelow, *Life of John C. Frémont*; Bolton, *Fray Juan Crespi*; Bowles, *Our New West*; Briscoe, *The Two Oldest Trees*; Browne, *Report of the Debates in the Convention of California*; Bruguiera, *San Francisco*; Bryant, *What I Saw in California*; Burbank and Hall, *The Harvest of the Years*; Burns, *The Saga of Billy the Kid*; Burton, *The Path of the Wind*; Calder, *The Sculpture and Mural Decorations of the Exposition*; Canfield, *Diary of a Forty-Niner*; Cendarrars, *Sutter's Gold*; Colton, *Three Years in California*; Coolbrith, *California*; Cowan, *Bibliography of California*; Coy, *Genesis of California Counties*; Crawford, *Scenes of Earlier Days in Crossing the Plains to Oregon*; Cronise, *Natural Wealth of California*; Curry, *Constitution of the United States [and of] California, etc.*; Dana, *Two Years before the Mast*; Davis, *California Romantic and Resourceful*; Davis, *Sixty Years in California*; Denison, *Pacific Coast Souvenir*; Dietz, *For Our Boys*; Dooner, *Last Days of the Republic*; Downie, *Hunting for Gold*; Dressler, *California Chinese Chatter*, *California's Pioneer Circus*, *Emperor Norton*; Dunbar, *The Romance of the Age, or The Discovery of Gold in California*; Eldredge, *The Beginnings of San Francisco*; Eldredge and Molera, *The March of Portola and the Log of the San Carlos*; Emory, *Notes of a Military Reconnaissance*, with Abert and Cooke, *Reports and Johnston, Journal*; Frémont, *Memoirs of My Life*, and *Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, Oregon and California*; Fulton, *Epic of the Overland*; Garnett, *Stately Homes in California*; Genthe and Irwin, *Old Chinatown*; Gibbes, *A New Map of the Gold Region in California, 1851*; Glasscock, *The Big Bonanza*; Goodrich, *The Palace Hotel*; Grant, *Remembrances of a Pioneer Woman*; Gregory, *History of Sonoma County with Biographical Sketches*; Hall, *Around the Horn in '49, Journal of the Hartford Union Mining and Trading Co.* (Book Club reprint); Harpending, *The Great Diamond Hoax*; Harte, *His Answer & Her Last Letter*, *An Episode of Fiddletown and Other Sketches*, *The Story of Enriquez*, *The Lost Galleon and Other Tales*, *Writings: Vol. I—The Luck of Roaring Camp*, Vol. IV—*In the Carquinez Woods and Other Tales*, Vol. V—*Maruja and Other Tales*, Vol. XII—*Poems*, and *Two Men of Sandy Bar*, Vol. XVII—*A Niece of Snapshot Barry's*; Harte and Twain, *Sketches of the Sixties*; Herr, *A Tale of Old Pasadena*, *Their Mariposa Legend*, a *Romance of Catalina*, *San Pasqual*; Hildrup, *Missions of California and the Old Southwest*; Hittell, J. S., *Resources of California*; Hittell, T. S., *History of California*, Vol. II; Houghton, *Expedition of the Donner Party*; Hutchings, *Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California*, *Scenes of Wonder, etc.* *A Tourists Guide to the Yo-Semite Valley*, *In the Heart of the Sierras, the Yo Semite Valley*; Jackson, *Ramona*; James, *Through Ramona's Country*, *The*

1910 *Trip of the H. M. M. B. A. to California and the Pacific Coast*; Johnson, *Very Far West Indeed*; Keeler, *San Francisco and Thereabout*; Kimball, *San Francisco City Directory, 1850* (reprint); Leidesdorff (Treas.) *San Francisco Town Journal, 1847-1848*; Lindley and Widney, *California of the South*; London, *The Log of the Snark*; London Parson, *To San Francisco and Back*; Lummis, *Flowers of Our Lost Romance*; Lyman, *John Marsh, Pioneer*; Markham, *California the Wonderful*; Marryat, *Mountains and Molehills*; Mathews, *The Hieroglyphics of Love*; Menefee, *Historical and Descriptive Sketch Book of Napa, Sonoma, Lake and Mendocino*; MacDonald (compiler), *A Collection of Verses by California Poets*; McGlashan, *History of the Donner Party*; McGowan, *Narrative* (Russell reprint); McGroarty, *California, Its History and Romance*; McWilliams, *Ambrose Bierce*; Miller, *Songs of the Sunlands, Unwritten History: Life amongst the Modocs*; Murdock, *A Backward Glance at Eighty*; Mylar, *Early Days at the Mission San Juan Bautista*; Neuhaus, *Art of the Exposition, San Diego Garden Fair*; Page, *Wagons West*; Palou, *Life of Father Junipero Serra* (James trans.), *Historical Memoirs of New California* (ed. by Bolton); Paine, *Mark Twain, a Biography*; Phoenix [Derby], *Phoenixiana*; Peixotto, *Pacific Shores from Panama, Romantic California*; Purdy, *San Francisco as It Was, as It Is, and How to See It*; Reynolds & Proctor (publishers), *Illustrated Atlas of Sonoma County*; Rixford, *The Wine Press and the Cellar*; Robinson, *Life in California* (Russell reprint); Rourke, *Troupers of the Gold Coast*; Sanchez, *Spanish and Indian Place Names of California*; Saunders, *Under the Sky in California, With the Flowers and Trees in California*; Scudder's *Petaluma City Directory for 1895, Vol. I*; Shuck, *California Scrap-Book*; Smith, *Adobe Days*; Smucker, *Life of Col. John Charles Fremont*; Soule, Gihon and Nisbet, *Annals of San Francisco*; Steele, *The City That Is*; Sterling, *Beyond the Breakers and Other Poems, A Wine of Wizardry and Other Poems*; Stewart, *Bret Harte, Argonaut and Exile*; Taylor, *California Life Illustrated*; Thompson & Co., *Historical Atlas Map of Sonoma County*; Thompson & West, *History of Nevada*; Tinkham, *California Men and Events*; Truman, *Semi-Tropical California*; Turrill, *California Notes*; Twain, 19 books; Upham, *Life, Explorations and Public Services of John Charles Fremont*; Vestal, *Kit Carson, the Happy Warrior of the Old West*; Wagner, *California Imprints*; Waugh, *Autobiography*; Webster, *Two True California Stories*; Wentworth, *Poetry of the Pacific*; Williams, *Yosemite and Its High Sierra*; Wister, *Padre Ignacio*; Woods, *Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast*; *Elite Directory for San Francisco and Oakland; 1879*; Julius Kahn, *Memorial Addresses Delivered in the House of Representatives*; *Portfolio of Santa Rosa and Vicinity*; *Outcroppings, Being Selections of California Verse*; *San Francisco* (book of views); *San Francisco before and after the Fire*; *San Francisco and Its Resources, a Souvenir of the Evening Post*. To these have been added: *San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda Business Directory, 1880*, a gift from Mr. Walter Heyneman; Davis, *Seventy-five Years in California*, and Harris, *California's Medical Story*, presented by Mrs. Jacob Schweitzer.

Among the paper covered books and pamphlets are the following:

Bennett, *The First Baby in Camp*; Bidwell, *Echoes of the Past*; Brandt and Wood, *Fascinating San Francisco*; Cooper, *Song of the Wind and Other Poems*; Cowan, *Bibliography of the Spanish Press of California*, also, *The Spanish Press of California*; De Quille, *History of the Comstock Silver Lode & Mines*; Dressler, *Letters to a Pioneer Senator*; Geauque, *Adventuring in San Francisco*; Guppy, *The Cypress of Monterey*, also *The Story of the Monterey Pine*; Howard Engine Company No. 3, *Constitution and By-Laws*; [Hoyle] and Ridge, *Murieta and Vasquez*; Jackson, *Christmas by the Golden Gate*, Kahn, *Histoires Californiennes*; Lyman, *The Sponge, Its Effect on the Martyrdom of James King of William*; Mansfield, *The Feather River in '49 and the Fifties*; McGlashan, *History of the Donner Party*; Put's Original California Songster; Price, *An Historic Narrative of the Bear Flag Revolution*; Scofield, *The Land of Living Color*; Society of California Pioneers, *Constitution, By-Laws and List of Members of*, 1881; Swain, *Address before the First Unitarian Society of San Francisco in Memory of Rev. Thomas Starr King*, 1864; Taber, *California and Her Indian Children*; Tuomey and Emparan, *Mission Presidio and Pueblo of Sonoma*; Whitney, *Quarterly Report of, Chief Engineer of the San Francisco Fire Department*, Oct. 30, 1857; Anonymous: *California 1826, 1926*; *Pioneers in Paper, the Story of Blake, Moffitt & Towne*; *Monterey and Its Environs*; *Souvenir Album Fire and Earthquake Views of San Francisco*; *San Francisco Municipal Reports, 1859-60*.

There are also a large number of pictures, maps, newspapers, magazines, manuscripts and documents too numerous to be listed here, including several important letters of the early period of the American occupation of California, seventeen documents relating to the California Battalion, and the blotter copy book of James King (of William).

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

ON WEDNESDAY, March 23, 1932, the Society held a luncheon meeting at the Clift Hotel. The subject of the address was, "Memories of Ina Coolbrith," and the speaker was her niece, Mrs. Finlay Cook. Mrs. Cook gave a sketch of Miss Coolbrith's life, emphasizing in particular the incidents that influenced her to take up writing or which formed the basis for some of her poems. She told of the contacts with Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, and others among her friends and literary associates, giving many anecdotes. She then reviewed, in chronological order, Miss Coolbrith's writings, with comments on some of the individual poems and on the published groups. The latter part of the address included readings from various published works. Only twenty-seven members and guests attended the meeting.

On Sunday, April 10, 1932, the Society journeyed to Sacramento for its monthly luncheon meeting at the invitation of Miss Mabel R. Gillis, the State Librarian. The program for the day involved a rendezvous at Sutter's Fort, where the members inspected the restored establishment and the contents of the museum which it houses, under the guidance of Mr. Harry C. Peterson. From there the company proceeded to the Hotel Senator where luncheon was served. The Capitol grounds furnished an attractive setting for this function. Miss Gillis spoke at the luncheon, describing the new home of the library and commenting on its architecture and adornments. She then described briefly the work carried on by the library in the way of research and collection of data as to early inhabitants. This led to a description of the regular routine of the establishment and its departments, and its housing and equipment.

The meeting adjourned to the library and the afternoon was spent in the inspection of the building and its contents.

The Society is deeply indebted to Miss Gillis and her assistants, Miss Garoutte and Miss Wenzel, for a most enjoyable and instructive experience. Our thanks are also due the members of the staff who surrendered a holiday to guide us in our pilgrimage. The day will be remembered as one of the notable events in the history of the Society. Fifty-five members and guests enjoyed the hospitality of the State Library on this occasion.

On Tuesday, May 10, 1932, the Society held a luncheon meeting at the Clift Hotel. The day was selected because, on the following day, the presentation of the birthplace of Junipero Serra to the City of San Francisco by the Rotary Club of Mallorca was to take place. Mr. Douglas S. Watson, in introducing the speaker outlined the Society's part as intermediary in the transfer and told of what had been assembled by the Society as a permanent exhibit in the Serra

house. The subject for the day was, "Fray Junipero Serra," and the speaker, Rev. Augustine Hobrecht, a member of the Franciscan Order.

Father Augustine told of Serra's early life, of his education and of his success as a teacher. He recounted the details of the events that led him and his pupil, Fray Francisco Palou, to come to America. Passing rapidly over his life in Mexico, he gave more in detail an account of his life and accomplishments in Baja and Alta California. He then closed with a tribute to his character, his courage, and his devotion to his cause. About forty-eight members and guests were present at the meeting.

ANSON S. BLAKE.

NEW MEMBERS

NAME	ADDRESS	PROPOSED BY
Breen, Harry J.	Hollister, Calif.	A. T. Leonard, Jr.
Burns, Thomas P.	San Francisco	Douglas S. Watson
Caswell, Mrs. George W.	San Francisco	Miss Eleanor Davenport
Field, Excma. Maria Antonia	Monterey, Calif.	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Hobrecht, Rev. Augustine	San Francisco	A. T. Leonard, Jr.
Keesling Press, The	Campbell, Calif.	A. T. Leonard, Jr.
Look, Dr. H. H.	Sacramento, Calif.	James D. Stewart
McCabe, James H.	San Francisco	A. T. Leonard, Jr.
McCullough, Capt. R. P.	San Francisco	Ernest A. Wiltsee
Madigan, Thomas F.	New York, N. Y.	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Meikle, Hon. Theresa	San Francisco	A. T. Leonard, Jr.
San Mateo Public Library	San Mateo, Calif.	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Slack, Mrs. Charles W.	San Francisco	Miss Lottie G. Woods
Wilson, Neill C.	San Francisco	Miss Dorothy H. Huggins
Young, Mrs. Flora May	Berkeley	A. T. Leonard, Jr.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF JUNIPERO SERRA

Due to a slight indisposition following his return to Madrid from Mallorca where he represented both the City of San Francisco and the California Historical Society, Mr. John C. Cebrian's report of the ceremonies attendant upon the gift of the Serra Birthplace at Petra, Mallorca, May 12, 1932, has been delayed but will be printed in the next *Quarterly*.

IN MEMORIAM

WELLS DRURY

Wells Drury, pioneer of the West, passed away in Berkeley on May 4. He was born in a log cabin in New Boston, near the Mississippi River, Illinois, September 16, 1851, and with his parents crossed the plains in a covered wagon on the Oregon Trail in 1852. He lost both father and mother on that trip, from Asiatic cholera, on the North Platte River.

Brought up in Oregon, he was made Indian interpreter on Puget Sound when about 11 years of age, holding office under President Abraham Lincoln. Coming to San Francisco, in 1873, he invested in mining stocks and soon decided to go to Nevada, where he engaged in the exuberant journalism of the mining-camps.

On the Comstock, he was one of the editors of the *Virginia City Chronicle*, *Virginia City Territorial Enterprise* and *Gold Hill News*. He was there at the height of the Big Bonanza excitement, and he knew intimately the mining magnates who later built their mansions and huge office buildings in San Francisco. Throughout his sojourn on the Comstock, Wells Drury of course kept in close touch with California, making frequent visits. He was on the Bodie *Daily Miner* when Bodie was the wildest camp in California. There and on the Comstock he was privileged to witness much gun-play.

Having a flair for politics, he became Speaker of the Nevada State Legislature, and was a delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, 1884, which nominated Blaine.

After returning to California, in 1888, he was at different times managing editor of the *San Francisco Call*, city editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*, a news editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, news editor of the *Sacramento Union*, managing editor of the *Los Angeles Record*, and on the staff of the *Oakland Tribune*. He was one of the first presidents of the San Francisco Press Club.

Beginning with 1908, he was for fifteen years managing director and later president of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce. He it was who first proposed bringing the Liberty Bell across the continent from Philadelphia to San Francisco in 1915, which resulted in an outpouring of patriotic spirit. He was a voluminous writer for newspapers and magazines, and author of a number of books on Western subjects.

Cherishing the traditions of the West, he was a member of the California Historical Society from 1922, and several times addressed the meetings.

An informed man who loved the chronicles of the old days, a friend of the talented and an editor who gave timely assistance to more than one writer who later became famous, Wells Drury numbered friends in many communities of the West. He was of the old school, public-spirited and companionable, and his passing brought expressions of genuine regret from many whose memories go back into the more colorful days of California.

JOSEPH R. KNOWLAND.

ARTHUR McDONALD ELLIS

Arthur McDonald Ellis occupied a place in historical research in Southern California which will be hard to fill. Born September 13, 1875, at Lynn Creek, Missouri, he was graduated from the University of California in 1899 (Phi Beta Kappa) and was admitted to the bar in 1903. He was an authority on the law of streets and other public improvements and had participated in much of the important litigation involving these matters over the past two decades. Elected president of the Southern California Historical Society some years ago, he brought new life and enthusiasm to that organization. He was the founder and president of the Zamorano Club, named for California's first printer and numbering among its membership many well-known book collectors, printers and scholars in and about Los Angeles; and as an amateur printer he undertook among other things the republication on his own private press of Reid's *Indians of Los Angeles County* from the files of early newspapers. He was also a member of the California Historical Society, the Los Angeles University Club, the American Anthropological Society, the American, California and Los Angeles Bar Associations, the Historical Society of New Mexico, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the Book Club of California, the Roxburghe Club of San Francisco and the Grolier Club of New York, and for some years had participated actively in the efforts of the Historical Committee of the Grand Lodge of the Masonic Order of California.

Arthur Ellis's enthusiasms were broad and varied, and his character was one to inspire similar enthusiasms in others. He passed away suddenly from a heart affection on April 17, 1932, while aboard a train bound for San Francisco, where he had planned to attend a dinner of the Roxburghe Club.

CARL I. WHEAT.

JULIAN H. NEWBAUER

On April 13 Julian H. Newbauer, a member of this Society, answered the last call. His parents came to California in the early days, and Mr. Newbauer was born in San Francisco on October 22, 1869. He was educated in the public schools of this city. Early in life he established the wholesale grocery firm of J. H. Newbauer & Co., which eventually expanded into a chain of wholesale grocery houses in various cities of northern California, and was one of the larger enterprises of this section of the State. Mr. Newbauer devoted himself with energy and marked ability to the development of his business affairs, and was recognized as a business leader in San Francisco. For many years he served as president and as a director of the San Francisco Board of Trade. Throughout his whole life he exhibited a keen and knowing interest in the history of California, and particularly that of San Francisco, being a collector of old San Francisco newspapers, photographs and of the verses of local poets. He was a director of the Crocker First National Bank of San Francisco and of a number of other corporations. His public spirit and marked financial ability made him a notable figure, and his death comes as a distinct loss to this community.

SIDNEY M. EHRLMAN.

MRS. JAMES H. PIERCE

Marion Thurston was born in Waltham, Massachusetts, on March 25, 1863. Coming to California as the bride of James H. Pierce, she lived first at Santa Clara, then for many years at San José, and a few years ago removed with her husband to Palo Alto, where she died on April 12, 1931. She had been a member of the California Historical Society since September, 1924.

JOHN MARSHALL WILLIAMSON, M.D.

Dr. John Marshall Williamson died at his San Francisco residence on April 2, 1932, at the age of 70 years, after a brief illness. Dr. Williamson was born in Vallejo on June 20, 1861, and graduated in 1885 from the old Toland Medical School (now the Medical School of the University of California). He later taught in that institution and was also for twelve years a member of the San Francisco Board of Health, and was a member of the Sanitation Committee immediately after the fire of 1906. Dr. Williamson, in addition to his interest in the California Historical Society, was a member of the Bohemian Club and of the Native Sons of the Golden West.